THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION OVER 225,000 EACH WEEK. SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1913 SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, NO. 29

Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO

CHAPTER XVI.

A Lock of Golden Hair.

As the sun was rising in a burning August glare over the edge of the parched prairie, Philip saw ahead of him the unpainted board shanty that was called Bleak House Station, and a few moments later he saw a man run out into the middle of the track and stare down at him from under the shade of his hands. It was Billinger, his English-red face as white as he had left Gunn's, his shirt in rags, arms bare, and his tremendous blond mustaches crisped and seared by fire. Close to the station, fastened to posts, were two saddle horses. A mile beyond these things a thin film of smoke clouded the sky.

As the jigger stopped Philip jumped from his seat and held out a blistered hand. "I'm Steele—Philip Steele, of the Northwest Mounted."

"And I'm Billinger—agent," said the other. Philip noticed that the hand that gripped his was raw and bleeding. "I got your word and I've received instructions from the department to place myself at your service. My wife is at the key. I've found the trail and I've got two horses. But there isn't another man who'll leave up there for love o' God or money. It's horrible! Two hours ago you'd 'ave heard their screams from where you're standing—the hurt, I mean. They won't leave the wreck—not a man, and I don't blame 'em."

A pretty, brown-haired young woman had come to the door and Billinger ran to her. "Good-by," he cried, taking her for a moment in his big arms. "Take care of the key!" He turned as quickly to the horses, talking as they mounted. "It was robbery," he said—and they set off at a canter, side by side. "There was $200,000 in currency in the express car, and it's gone. I found their trails this morning, going into the north. They're hitting for what we call the Bad Lands, over beyond the Coyote, 20 miles from here. I don't suppose there's any time to lose—"

"No," said Philip. "How many are there?"

"Four—mebby more."

Billinger started his horse into a gallop and Philip purposely held his mount behind to look at the other man. The first law of MacGregor's teaching was to study men, and to suspect. It was the first law of the splendid service of which he was a part—and so he looked hard at Billinger. The Englishman was hatless. His sandy hair was cropped short, and his mustaches floated out like flexible horns from the sides of his face. His shirt was in tatters. In one place it was ripped clean of the shoulder and Philip saw a purplish bruise where the flesh was bare. He knew these for the marks of Billinger's presence at the wreck. Now the man was equipped for other business. A huge "44" hung at his waist, a short carbine swung at his saddle bow; and there was something in the manner of his riding, in the hunch of his shoulders, and in the vicious sweep of his long mustaches, that satisfied Philip he was a man who could use them. He rode up along side of him with a new confidence. They were coming to the top of a knoll; at the summit Billinger stopped and pointed down into a hollow a quarter of a mile away.

"It will be a loss of time to go down there," he said, "and it will do no good. See that thing that looks like a big log in the river? That's the top of the day coach. It went in right side up—and the conductor, who wasn't hurt—says there were 20 people in it. We watched it settle from the shore, and couldn't do a thing—while they were dying in there like so many caged rats! The other coach burned and that heap of stuff you see there is what's left of the Pullman and the baggage car. There's 27 dead stretched out along the track, and a good many hurt. Great heavens, listen to that!"

He shuddered and Philip shuddered, at the wailing sound of grief and pain that came up to them.

"It'll be a loss of time," repeated the agent.

"Yes, it would be a loss of time" agreed Philip.

His blood was burning at fever heat when he raised his eyes from the scene below to Billinger's face. Every fighting fiber in his body was tingling for action, and at the responsive glare which he met in Billinger's eyes he thrust his hand half over the space that separated them.

"We'll get 'em, Billinger," he cried.

"By God, we'll get 'em!"

There was something ferocious in the crush of the other's hand. The Englishman's teeth gleamed for an instant between his seared mustaches as he wheeled his mount into a canter along the back of the ridge. Five minutes later the knoll dipped again into the plain and at the foot of it Billinger stopped his horse for a second and pointed to fresh hoof-marks in the prairie sod. Philip jumped from his horse and examined the ground.

"There are five in the gang, Billinger," he said shortly. "All of them were galloping—but one." He looked up to catch Billinger leaning over the pommel of his saddle staring at something almost directly under his horse's feet.

"What th...," he demanded. "A handkerchief?"

Philip picked it up—a dainty bit of fine linen, crumpled and sodden by dew, and held it out between the forefinger and thumb of both hands.

He stopped at the look in Billinger's face as he reached down for the handkerchief. The square jaws of the man were set like steel springs, but Philip noticed that his hand was trembling.

"A woman in the gang," he laughed as Philip mounted.

They started out at a canter, Billinger still holding the bit of linen close under his eyes. After a little

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In Cowboy Land

Published by Special Arrangement With the Outlook, of Which Theodore Roosevelt Is the Contributing Editor, Through the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Copyright 1913, by the Outlook Company. All Rights Reserved, Including Rights of Translation.

Roosevelt as a Deputy Sheriff

WHEN I went west, the great Indian wars had come to an end, but there were still sporadic outbreaks here and there, and occasionally bands of marauding young braves were a menace to outlaying and lonely settlements. Many of the white men were themselves lawless and brutal, and prone to committ outrages on the Indians. Unfortunately, each race tended to hold all the members of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few, so that the crime of the miscreant, red or white, who committed the original outrage too often invited retaliation upon entirely innocent people, and this action would in its turn arouse bitter feeling which found vent in still more indiscriminate retaliation. The first year I was on the Little Missouri some Situx bucks ran off all the horses of a buffalo-hunter's outfit. One of the buffalo-hunters tried to get even by stealing the horses of a Cheyenne hunting party, and when pursued made for a cow camp, with, as a result, a long range skirmish between the cowboys and the Cheyennes. One of the latter was wounded; but this particular wounded man seemed to have more sense than the other participants in the chain of wrong-doing, and discriminated among the whites. He came into our camp and had his wound dressed.

A Road Ranch on the Deadwood Trail.

A year later I was at a desolate little mud road ranch on the Deadwood trail. It was kept by a very capable and very forceful woman, with sound ideas of justice and abundantly well able to hold her own. Her husband was a worthless devil, who finally got drunk on some whisky he obtained from an outfit of Missouri bull-whackers—that is, freighters, driving ox wagons. Under the stimulus of the whisky he picked a quarrel with his wife and attempted to beat her. She knocked him down with a stove-lid lifter, and the admiring bull-whackers bore him off, leaving the lady in full possession of the ranch. When I visited her she had a man named Crow Joe working for her, a slab-sided, shifty-eyed person who later, as I heard my foreman explain, "skipped the country with a bunch of horses." The mistress of the ranch made first-class buckskin shirts of great durability. The one she made for me, and which I used for years, was used by one of my sons in Arizona a couple of winters ago. I had ridden down into the country after some lost horses, and visited the ranch to get her to make me the buckskin shirt in question. There were, at the moment three Indians there, Sioux, well behaved and self-respecting, and she explained to me that they had been resting there waiting for dinner, and that a white man had come along and tried to run off their horses. The Indians were on the lookout, however, and, running out, they caught the man; but, after retaking their horses and depriving him of his gun, they let him go. "I don't see why they let him go," exclaimed my hostess. "I don't believe in stealing Indians' horses any more than white folks;' so I told 'em they could go along and hang him—I'd never cheep. Anyhow, I won't charge them anything for their dinner," concluded my hostess. She was in advance of the usual morality of the time and place, which drew a sharp line bestealing horses from the Government or the Indians.

Rustlers and Stranglers.

A fairly decent citizen, Jap Hunt, who long ago met a violent death, exemplified this attitude towards Indians in some remarks I once heard him make. He had started a horse ranch, and had quite honestly purchased a number of broken-down horses of different brands, with the view of doctoring them and selling them again. About this time there had been much horse-stealing and cattle-killing in our Territory and in Montana, and under the direction of some of the big cattle-growers a committee of vigilantes had been organized to take action against the rustlers, as the horse thieves and cattle thieves were called. The vigilantes or stranglers, as they were locally known, did their work thoroughly; but, as always happens with bodies of the kind, toward the end they grew reckless in their actions, paid off private grudges, and hung men on slight provocation. Riding into Jap Hunt's ranch, they nearly hung him because he had so many horses of different brands. He was finally let off. He was much upset by the incident, and explained again and again. "The idea of saying that I was a horse thief! Why, I never stole a horse in my life—leastways from a white man. I don't count Indians nor the Government, of course." Jap had been reared among men still in the stage of tribal morality, and while they recognized their obligations to one another both the Government and the Indians seemed alien bodies, in regard to which the laws of morality did not apply.

On the other hand, parties of savage young bucks would treat lonely settlers just as badly, and in addition sometimes murder them. Such a party was generally composed of young fellows burning to distinguish themselves. Some one of their number would have obtained a pass from the Indian Agent allowing him to travel off the reservation, which pass would be flourished whenever their action was questioned by bodies of whites of equal strength. I once had a trifling encounter with such a band. I was making my way along the edge of the bad lands, northward from my lower ranch, and was just crossing a plateau when five Indians rode up over the further rim. The instant they saw me they whipped out their guns and raced full speed at me, yelling and flogging their horses. I was on a favorite horse, Manitou, who was a wise old fellow, with nerves not to be shaken by anything. I at once leaped off him and stood with my rifle ready.

It was possible that the Indians merely making a bluff and intended no mischief. But I did not like their actions, and I thought it likely that if I allowed them to get hold of me they would at least take my horse and rifle and possibly kill me. So I waited until they were a hundred yards off and then drew a bead on the first. Indians—and, for the matter of that, white men—do not like to ride in on a man who is cool and means shooting, and in a twinkling every man was laying off the side of his horse, and all five had turned and were galloping backwards, having altered their course as quickly as so many teal ducks.

After this one of them made the peace sign, with his blanket first, and then, as he rode toward me, with his open hand. I halted him at a fair distance and asked him what he wanted. He exclaimed, "How! Me good Injun, me good Injun," and tried to show me the dirty piece of paper on which his agency pass was written. I told him with sincerity that I was glad that he was a good Indian, but that he must not come any closer. He then asked for sugar and tobacco. I told him I had none. Another Indian began showdrifting toward me in spite of my calling out to keep back, so I once more aimed with my rifle, whereupon both Indians slipped to the other side of their horses and galloped off, with oaths that did credit to at least one side of their acquaintance with English. I now mounted and pushed over the plateau on to the open prairie. In those days an Indian, although not as good a shot as a white man, was infinitely bettter at crawling under and taking advantage of cover; and the worst thing a white man could do was to get into cover, whereas out in the open if he kept his head he had a good chance of standing off even half a dozen assailants. The Indians accompanied me for a couple of miles. Then I reached the open prairie, and, mounting Manitou, resumed my northward ride, not being further molested.

Hunting.

In the old days in the ranch country we depended upon game for fresh meat. Nobody liked to kill a beef, and although now and then a maverick yearling might be killed on the roundup, most of us looked askance at the deed, because if the practice of beef-killing was ever allowed to start, the rustlers—the horse thieves and cattle thieves—would be sure to seize on it as an excuse for general slaughter. Getting meat for the ranch usually devolved upon me. I almost always carried a rifle when I rode, either in a scabbard under my thigh, or across the pommel. Often I would pick up a deer or antelope while about my regular work, when visiting a line camp or riding after the cattle. At other times I would make a day's trip after them. In the fall we sometimes took a wagon and made a week's hunt, returning with eight or ten deer carcasses, and perhaps an elk or a mountain sheep as well. I never became more than a fair hunter, and at times I had most exasperating experiences, either failing to see game which I ought to have seen, or committing some blunder in the stalk, or failing to kill when I fired. Looking back, I am inclined to say that if I had any good quality as a hunter it was that of perseverance. "It is dogged that does it" in hunting as in many other things. Unless in wholly exceptional cases, when we were very hungry, I never killed anything but bucks.

Occasionally I made long trips away from the ranch and among the Rocky Mountains with my ranch foreman Merrifield; or in later years with Tazewell Woody, John Willis, or John Goff. We hunted bears, both the black and grizzly, cougars and wolves, and moose, wapiti, and white goat. On one of these trips I killed a bison bull, and I also killed a bison bull on the Little Missouri some fifty miles south of my ranch on a trip which Joe Ferris and I took together. It was rather a rough trip. Each of us carried only his slicker behind him on the saddle, with some flour and bacon done up in it. We met with all kinds of misadventres. Finally one night, when we were sleeping by a slimy little prairie pool where there was not a stick of wood, we had to tie the horses to the horns of our saddles; and then we went to sleep with our heads on the saddles. In the middle of the night something stampeded the horses, and away they went, with the saddles after them. As we jumped to our feet Joe eyed me with an evident suspicion that I was the Jonah of the party, and said: "O Lord! I've never done anything to deserve this. Did you ever do anything to deserve this?"

Hell Roaring Bill Jones.

In addition to my private duties, I sometimes served as deputy sheriff for the northern end of our county. The sheriff and I crisscrossed in our public and private relations. He often worked for me as my hired hand at the same time I was his deputy. His name, or at least the name he went by, was Bill Jones, and as there were in the neighborhood several Bill Joneses—Three Seven Bill Jones, Texas Bill Jones, and the like—the sheriff was known as Hell Roaring Bill Jones. He was a thorough frontiersman, excellent in all kinds of emergencies, and a very game man. I became much attached to him. He was a thoroughly good citizen when sober, but a little wild when drunk. Unfortunately, toward the end of his life he got to drinking very heavily. When, in 1905, John Burroughs and I visited the Yellowstone Park, poor Bill Jones, very much down in the world, was driving a team in Gardiner outside the park. I had looked forward to seeing him, and he was equally anxious to see me. He kept telling his cronies of our intimacy and of what we were going to do together, and then got drinking; and the result was that by the time I reached Gardiner he had to be carried out and left in the sage-bush. When I came out of the park, I sent on in advance to tell them to be sure to keep him sober, and they did so. But it was a rather sad interview. The old fellow had gone to pieces, and soon after I left he got lost in a blizzard and was dead when they found him.

Bill Jones was a gun fighter and also a good man with his fists. On one occasion there was an election in town. There had been many threats that the party of disorder would import section hands from the neighboring railway stations to down our side. I did not reach Medora, the forlorn little cattle town which was our county seat, until the election was under way. I then asked one of my friends if there had been any disorder. Bill Jones was standing by. "Disorder hell!" said my friend. "Bill Jones just stood there with one hand on his gun and the other pointing over toward the new jail whenever any man who didn't have a right to vote came near the polls. There was only one of them tried to vote, and Bill knocked him down. Lord!" added my friend, meditatively, "the way that man fell!" "Well," struck in Bill Jones, "if he hadn't fell I'd have walked round behind him to see what was propping him up."

The Lunatic.

In the days when I lived on the ranch I usually spent most of the winter in the East, and when I returned in the early spring I was always interested in finding out what had happened since my departure. On one occasion I was met by Bill Jones and Sylvane Ferris, and in the course of our conversation they mentioned "the lunatic." This led to a question on my part, and Sylvane Ferris began the story: "Well, you see, he was on a train and he shot the newsboy. At first they weren't going to do anything to him, for they thought he just had it in for the newsboy. But then somebody said, 'Why, he's plumb crazy, and he's liable to shoot any of us!' and then they threw him off the train. It was here at Medora, and they asked if anybody would take care of him, and Bill Jones said he would, because he was the sheriff and the jail had two rooms, and he was living in one and would put the lunatic in the other." Here Bill Jones interrupted: "Yes, and more fool me! I wouldn't take charge of another lunatic if the whole county asked me. Why" (with the air of a man announcing an astounding discovery), "that lunatic didn't have his right senses! He wouldn't eat till me and Snyder got him down on the shavings and made him eat." Snyder was a huge, happy-go-lucky, kind-hearted Pennsylvania Dutchman, and was Bill Jones' chief deputy. Bill continued. You know, Snyder's soft-hearted, he is. Well, he'd think that lunatic looked peaked, and he'd take him out for an airing. Then the boys would get joshing him as to how much start he could give him over the prairie and catch him again." Apparently the amount of the start given the lunatic depended upon the amount of the bet to which the joshing led up. I asked Bill what he would have done if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic. This was evidently a new idea, and he responded that Snyder always did catch him. "Well, but suppose he hadn't caught him?" "Well," said Bill Jones, "if Snyder hadn't caught the lunatic, I'd have whaled hell out of Snyder!"

Under these circumstances Snyder ran his best and always did catch the patient. It must not be gathered from this that the lunatic was badly treated. He was well treated. He became greatly attached to Bill Jones and Snyder, and he objected strongly when, after the frontier theory of treatment of insane had received a full trial, he was finally sent off to the territorial capital. It was merely that all the relations of life in that place and day were so managed as to give ample opportunity for the expression of individuality, whether in sheriff or ranchman. The local practical joker once attempted to have some fun at the expense of the lunatic, and Bill Jones described the result. "You know Bixby, don't you? Well," with deep disapproval, "Bixby thinks he is funny, he does. He'd come and he'd wake the lunatic up at night, and I'd have to get up and soothe him. I fixed Bixby all right, though. I fastened a rope on the latch, and next time Bixby came I let the lunatic out on him. He most bit Bixby's nose off. I learned Bixby!"

Bill Jones had been unconventional in other relations besides that of sheriff. He once casually mentioned to me that he had served on the police force of Bismarck, but he had left because he "beat the Mayor over the head with his gun one day." He added: "The Mayor, he didn't mind it, but the Superintendent of Police said he guessed I'd better resign." His feeling obviously, was that the Superintendent of Police was a martinet, unfit to take large views of life.

It was while with Bill Jones that I first made acquaintance with Seth Bullcock. Seth was at that time sheriff in the Black Hills district, and a man he had wanted—a horse thief—I finally got, I being at the time deputy sheriff two or three hundred miles to the north. The man went by a nickname which I will call "Crazy Steve;" a year or two afterwards I received a letter asking about him from his uncle, a thoroughly respectable man in a western state; and later this uncle and I met at Washington when I was President and he a United States senator. It was some time after "Steve's" capture that I went down to Deadwood on business, Sylvane Ferris and I on horseback, while Bill Jones drove the wagon. At a little town, Spearfish, I think, after crossing the last eighty or ninety miles of gumbo prairie, we met Seth Bullock. We had had rather a rough trip, and had lain out for a fortnight, so I suppose we looked somewhat unkempt. Seth received us with rather distant courtesy at first, but unbent when he found out who we were, remarking, "You see, by your looks I thought you were some kind of a tin-horn gambling outfit, and that I might have to keep an eye on you!" He then inquired after the capture of "Steve"—with a little of the air of sportsman when another has shot a quail that either might have claimed—"My bird, I believe?" Later Seth Bullock became, and has ever since remained, one of my stanchest and most valued friends. He served as marshal for South Dakota under me as President. When, after the close of my term, I went to Africa, on getting back to Europe I cabled Seth Bullock to bring over Mrs. Bullock and meet me in London, which he did; by that time I felt that I just had to meet my own people, who spoke my neighborhood dialect.

When serving as deputy sheriff I was impressed with the advantage the officer of the law has over ordinary wrong-doers, provided he thoroughly knows his own mind. There are exceptional outlaws, men with a price on their heads and of remarkable prowess, who are utterly indifferent to taking life, and whose warfare against society is as open as that of a savage on the war-path. The law officer has no advantage whatever over these men save what his own prowess may—or may not—give him. Such a man was Billy the Kid, the notorious man-killer and desperado of New Mexico, who was himself finally slain by a friend of mine, Pat Garrett, whom, when I was President, I made collector of customs at El Paso. But the ordinary criminal, even when murderously inclined, feels just a moment's hesitation as to whether he cares to kill an officer of the law engaged in his duty. I took in more than one man who was probably a better man than I was with both rifle and revolver; but in each case I knew just what I wanted to do, and like David Harum, I "did it first," whereas the fraction of a second that the other man hesitated put him in a position where it was useless for him to resist.

GOLD MINE ON THE FARM

Xeno W. Putnam in Cassier's.

THIS gold mine, this source of inexhaustible wealth, which the use of dynamite reveals just below our worn-out farming lands, what does it all amount to when we come to sum it up? What are some of the world's dividends, of which we may all expect a share?

A famous orchardist used alternating dynamite and hand-dug holes a few years ago in setting out an orchard of young peach trees. Three years later the trees set by the new method bore from three to six bushels of fruit each, while those that were hand set, dried up under the influence of the broiling sun, and showed no signs of fruit.

In South Carolina, land that had been dynamited raised 3 3per cent. more corn than before. A farm in Kansas, underlaid by hard subsoil, and worth less than $10 per acre, was broken up, to a depth of four or five feet, and made to produce annually alfalfa valued at $30 to $35 per acre.

A 40-acre swamp in Kansas, which could not be drained in the usual manner, was tapped by a row of blast holes, and is now in fertile cultivation.

A Georgia orchardist found that by planting peach trees in dynamited holes he gained two years in six. In Louisiana, out of 8,000 peach trees, and 1,000 pecans planted in this way, hardly a tree was lost.

Thousands of acres, previously unproductive, are now teeming with fertility, and thousands of fruit trees are coming into earlier and more fruitful maturity.

Great Cheese Eaters.

The British are the greatest cheese eaters in the world. England also heads the list for diversity of cheeses, 17 different varieties being produced there. France comes next and then Italy. Holland, Norway and Sweden. British cheeses are all made from cows' milk and without any admixture, save in the case of "loaf" cheddar, which is sometimes flavored with sage leaves. Foreign cheesemakers show less exclusiveness. Roquefort is made from sheep's milk, and Gruyore from goats' milk.

Abe Martin

Ever' woman reaches th' age when she likes t' crochet real fast an' tell about th' chances she turned down when she wuz a gal.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XIX.

Violet Forces the Pace.

Nervousness in Mr. Tretheway, the mate of the Wangaroo, found outward expression in his upper lip and nose. Always when spoken to he answered with a twitch of these organs, and even when stared at, his nose, which was of a fine Roman mold, would respond, in spite of all it's wearer's most strenuous efforts to appear unconcerned. He was fully aware of this failing and utterly impotent to cure it; and if ever a man carried a daily cross in the sight of all men, Trethewy wore his in the middle of his face.

It was this officer, then, who met his fellow officers of the reconnoitering party at the Wangaroo's gang way, and for a while he was so violently contorted by his complaint that speech was altogether beyond him.

There were moments when Captain Kettle, who had small enough patience with this sort of thing, deliberately barked at the man until he straightened his lip and spoke. But on this particular occasion he saw there was news and dreaded what it might be. He let his mate down as lightly as he knew how. He took the cigar from his lips, said quietly, "Yes, Mr. Trethewy," and waited. With a supreme effort, he did not even stare at the man, but swung his eyes to the lagoon, which was now flecked with phosphorescence where the tiny breakers were whipped up by the land breeze.

"They're gone," said the mate, when at length he had thawed out sufficiently to speak.

"Who have gone?"

The junior officer was stricken with another spasm worse than the first, and Captain Kettle noted that practically the whole of both watches were stowed away in the shadows on deck, keenly listening. "Now then, Mr. Trethewy, get up, man, get on. Who have gone?"

"The caboodle of them," the mate blurted. "O-O-Owner, sister and decorative maid. If only you wouldn't hustle a man so, sir, I could tell you right. That dark chap with the white man frills has gone with them. Saint, I think you call him; but as nobody's introduced me to him, I can't ping-ping-ping-ping say. I'm not the sort of officer who sucks information about passengers' guests out of the steward. I tried to stop 'em, and couldn't; and if you think my conduct's unsatisfactory, sir, you may sign me off at the next port we touch at, and I'll not com-ping-ping-plain."

"But, Great James, man, where have they gone?"

"On a cir-circular tour round Africa, for anything I know. I did ask miss. I-I-I said I hoped it wouldn't rain, and they'd find the roads good, and where were they going? But she ping-ping wouldn't hear me. Then I asked Sir George, and he told me straight enough to mind my own—ping—bally business. As for that stuck-up maid—"

"If you don't take care of your language," said Kettle furiously, "I'll fling you overboard, you blooming lump of incompetence! I leave you in charge of a steamboat at anchor for three hours, and as soon as my back is turned you capsize every arrangement I have made."

This was obviously unfair and the mate, who in reality was a young man of spirit, had every intention of entering a vigorous protest; but his infirmity descended on him with renewed vigor, and left him doubly tongue-tied and defenseless under his superior officer's tornado of words.

"Go to your room, sir!" Kettle finished up furiously. "Where's Mr. Forster?"

"Second mate's turned in, sir," a voice from the darkness volunteered, and without further words Captain Kettle walked off briskly below to the officers' quarters under the break of the poop.

The fat old second mate was either fast asleep, or was shamming to be in that condition. Kettle, however, shook him without qualm. "Wake," he snapped. And when the second mate, who was a stupid man, and prided himself on his stupidity, opened one eye only, and that with extreme care, Captain Kettle took two hands to him, and shook with such fine vigor that there could be no doubt about sleep fleeing before such an onslaught.

"Now, then, hear me. Were you on deck when these people went away?"

"Yes."

"And made no effort to stop them?"

"No."

"Do you know where they've gone?"

"No."

"Did you hear them say anything about their plans?"

"No."

"Did you see which direction they took when they got ashore?"

"No. If that's all the information you want, this is my watch below, and I wish to sleep."

"Oh, do you?" said Captain Kettle. "Well, if you want me to put hands on you again, you'd better try and do it. I've just sent the mate to his room. So you're mate, and you'd better go on deck and stand your watch."

"I thank you for the promotion, but do not want it. I dislike responsibility. I hold a master's ticket, as you know, and I tried using it once for six months, but never no more. It's second mate for me to the end of my days at sea, and I'm not going to be hustled into anything bigger."

"If you don't go on deck," the little sailor snarled, "I'll kick you there. And if you don't do duty when you are on deck, I'll disrate you, and send you below to trim coals, and promote one of the ash cats to be mate in your place. Now, will you budge?"

"I suppose I have to, if you put it that way. But I—" mumble, mumble, mumble.

He hoisted his fat, hairy legs over the edge of the bunk and dropped on deck; slowly he found slippers, an ulster and a uniform cap, and went out of his room still grumbling. Captain Kettle, with twitching fingers, followed at his heels.

"You will set an anchor watch of six hands and have them report to you every half bell."

"Aye."

"Let the rest of the hands turn in. I shall want them early."

"Aye, aye."

"Take accurate bearings of any lights you may see ashore. Is your log written up?"

"Not up to date. There might be—"

"Bring it in to me after breakfast tomorrow, filled up to breakfast time. And Mr. Forster?"

"Aye?"

"If I hear of or see any shore flare that you don't report accurately, I'll send you to your room and see that your ticket's endorsed for incompetency. That'll do."

"Appear to be enjoying yourself," said McTodd, when a very worried Kettle let himself into the chart house.

"You see the hopeless material I have to work on."

"It's only the fools who come to sea," said the Scot sententiously. "You and me are the exceptions. There was a letter in my room put in the tumbler rack with a whisky bottle as paper weight. I wonder why?"

"To insure its being seen. How was it addressed?"

"To you. It's there, under the parallel rulers on the chart table. And

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM

Kansas City Star.

A POMPOUS, wobbly man whose ill-shaped shanks were usually encased in thickly quilted green trousers to ward off daggers; that is the description history has left us of King James I., whom a French statesman, Sully, once characterized as "the wisest fool in Christendom." That swift Gallic summary sticks in the memory when almost everything else about King James grows dim and dusty.

For, indeed, one's whole impression of his reign is that it must have been a tiresome time.. England, grown accustomed to the bold achievements of Elizabethan times, relapsed into a dull brown frame of mind, a "dry as dust" time, to quote Carlyle, of which the king was a fit embodiment.

In the first place—and it was a mighty disadvantage in those days.—King James was a Scotchman, a member of the race which had been stealing English cattle and cracking English crowns since shadowy times, and getting their own cattle stolen and their own pates thwacked in return.

And he was not at all an imposing or dignified figure. In spite of the fact that his mother was the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, the king himself was a sad figure of a man.

Goggle-eyed he was, the men who knew him wrote, and his tongue was too large for his mouth, so that when he drank he invariably slobbered wine from the corners of his mouth. As a child he had suffered from rickets, and even at 36, when he came to the throne of England, he walked in an indeterminate way, making big wavery circles with his feet, and much preferring to have a courtier supporting either arm. Add to this that he had the mind of a pompous pedagogue, crammed with all manner of large words and information about theology and other high-brow subjects, and that he firmly believed that he was God's special deputy, sent down to earth to govern England to his own sweet will, and you can understand how in 25 years he could do an infinite lot to undermine the sturdy respect and loyalty Englishmen felt for their sovereign and how he paved the way for his son, Charles, to the headsman's block.

Hunting was one of the favorite recreations of the king. All the way down from Scotland to England, where he was to be crowned, he hunted along the way and he let it be known that it annoyed him to have crowds gather to welcome him, because they scared away the game. And it is not hard to imagine how ruffled the crowds must have been at this ungracious response to their enthusiasm. The king spent a considerable part of his life hunting, and the curious thing is that he never learned to ride a horse at that. More than once he was tumbled out of his saddle like a bundle of dirty clothes and had to be helped up again by courtiers whose lip muscles were under perfect control.

Despte his many unheroic qualities, he was an amiable creature, was the king. But his amiability led him into fresh absurdities. He needs must have a favorite always, and the favorite must always be a good-looking young man with nice manners. Court memoirs tell how he used frequently to embrace one of those favorites when some business called the young man away, weeping and slavering upon the beloved cheeks and begging him "for God's sake to return anon."

And yet the king could be pompous enough when he chose. He loved to discuss intellectual matters in an ex cathedra manner, giving his opinions about poetry and essays in the manner of one imparting great truths to an eagerly waiting world. He had read a lot, too, and remembered most of what he read, and if one could write a metrically perfect poem about what a bearcat the king was he was likely to knock down a sheckel or two and maybe a pewter medal.

In spite of the fact that he had a larger income than Elizabeth and that he was Scotch, and therefore should have been saving, King James was perennially hard up. He quarreled with parliament, which he could not, for the life of him regard as anything but a crowd of wranglesome, turbulent knaves who grudged their duty to their God-sent sovereign. And so he determined to get along as much of the time as possible without parliament. In order to raise money he farmed out various monopolies to the rich nobles, monopolies in wine, spices and many other things even more necessary to life.

The king, who did not smoke himself, regarded the use of tobacco as one of the seven deadly sins, and was continually inveighing against it as a tough, debauching habit. He did, however, get drunk upon occasions, and Carlyle mentions the fact that when the King of Denmark visited him one day they put on a bout worthy of the old Norse Sea Kings; that Faith, Hope, Truth and Charity, ladies of the court in masquerade, joined in the jamboree, and everybody made the welkin ring, as the saying is.

Undoubtedly King James' worst bequest to his son, Charles, who succeeded him on the throne, was the notion that kings ruled by divine right instead of by the consent of the people whom they governed. Charles took this seriously—and we all know what happened to Charles.

It was during James' reign that Guy Fawkes' gun powder plot broke loose—the king frequently tipped it off to his courtiers on the quiet that he was the sly dog who first got onto Guy—and, though of course the plot fell through, the way Guy had planned, it may reasonably be believed that it shortened the king's life. His green quilted clothes were protection enough against stilettos, but the problem of bombproof underwear was too much for the poor monarch, and he worried himself into his grave in 1625.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

I've brought you a tot of the whisky."

Captain Kettle tore and read:

'My Dear Skipper:

"There's a devil of a mess. My sister, who you'll know by this time, is quite unaccountable to anybody for her movements, took it into her head assoon as you hal left the ship to go ashore with old Mrs. Bergash and her retinue. They've got the stewardess with them. I did not know what had happened till I, by accident, came on deck and saw them riding off on camels up over the sand-dunes at the back of the beach and presumably making for the mountains. They'd got the bodyguard in attendance, and the camp followers were striking north for all they were worth. The saint saw what had happened the same time I did and to give him his due, seemed considerably rattled. It was, according to him, kismet, and all the rest of it; but he obviously didn't like the looks of things one little bit. He said I must remember that the customs and appliances in his fortress were much the same as they had been in the days of ancient Rome, and my sister would find them abominably crude and savage. The one thing to do (by his way of thinking) is to head her off. So we're just starting for the shore for that purpose. There are horses still at their pickets. Rely on it we shall get back as soon as we can."

"Yes, I guarantee they will. My James, what a mess! I knew there was something hanging over us, and that's what it is."

"There's another word or two of the letter."

"Oh, yes. He says:

"I hope you found all well on the Norman Towers. If there's any hitch, I'm sure you will find the saint is only too anxious to assist. So please treat him with decent civility when next you meet. Yours,

"G. C. H. C. Chesterman."

"I shall treat that wrongly-educated African exactly as he deserves when I catch him. Mac?"

"I'm listening."

"I'm going ashore—now. I shall take a rifle and a bag of biscuit, and a bottle of Horner's Perfect Cure, and follow on the trail of that caravan, and see what happens. If I am wanted, I shall be there. If the unlikely happens, and all goes well, I'll be free to let anyone who feels inclined that way, kick me—if he can. I leave you in charge here, not because you're certificated, not because you're competent, but because you're the best man out of the bad lot on board."

"Man, your compliments overwhelm me."

"As a favor I ask you to give the whisky a miss, and keep your end up."

"Drunk or sober I can do that last with the crowd on board here. But being now in a position of vast responsibility, I want all points made clear to me in case I have to make a choice. If it's a case of losing you or losing the owner, which do I take?"

"Help the owner, by James, every time, because he is the owner. And anyway, I can look after myself."

"Does that include his sister?"

"I guess they'll have to come level."

"And the other girrl? There could be no call to give special attention to a mere leddy's maid, especially when the skipper is sweet on the mistress?"

"Mac," said Captain Kettle, quietly for him, "I've got about as much as I can carry. What that no-color beast of a saint may be up to I shiver to think of. But make no doubt about my own sentiments toward the two ladies. Miss Chesterman is one of the owners and has my fullest respect. Miss Dubbs, if God is very good to me, I want some day again to make my sweetheart."

"Aye, being a pairson of penetration mysel', that's been clear to me for some time. But I hae my doobts if it's been as clear to the other parties concerned in the business as principals. As to your going alone into those mountains on their trail, it strikes me as the worst kind of foolishness, and the very thing that blackguard of a saint is probably looking out for; but I ken fine ye're too mulehided to be turned from your plan, so I'll e'en spare ma eloquence. I'll just pack my own side-arms and come with you."

Mr. McTodd," said Kettle stiffly, "I've admitted you to some familiarities, and now you're inclined to encroach. Kindly note, I'm master on this packet. I leave you on board here, as I say, in charge, and if you fail to keep a sharp lookout night and day, the Moors will take her from you as sure as the Lord made little apples. I shall be away for the shore myself in ten minutes."

CHAPTER XX.

In the Atlas Foot Hills.

The shifts and strategies by which Captain Owen Kettle made his way from the shore of the lagoon to the foot of the rock on which the castle of Sidi Mahommed Bergash is perched would, if they could be got hold of, make a book of themselves.

But, unfortunately, almost the whole of that piece of history depends on the account given to me by Kettle himself, and he has always more of an eye for results than for the details by which they were built up.

In speaking of the period he could not rise much higher than, "Oh, yes, I had a pretty tough tramp of it," or "Those argan thorns play James with a uniform," or again, "Worst thing was, I had forgotten to take along a cake of soap, and couldn't wash my hands."

But, as I hinted, it has been possible to pick up bits of the thread of his adventures here and there from other sources, and with these to construct a tolerably coherent whole.

When once the boat had set him down on the beach, he worked his way resolutely along to the point where the caravan with the women had first debouched from the sand hills, guided only by his sailor's eye for distance and direction. The night was still black dark, but the rib-band of phosphorescence which marked the edge of the lagoon gave him a clear outline of the shore.

By the time he got down to the point opposite the rusted Norman Towers where the track turned inland, a scared moon appeared overhead, dodging in and out of racing clouds. Dunes lay beyond the beach, some of bald yellow sand, some bristling with a dry coarse grass. From among them somewhere a wandering jackal complained (when the moon shone out) of pains in his inside, and was answered by a tribal sympathizer away up in the mountains beyond.

At the back of the dunes came a belt of marsh, smelling evilly of sulphur and stale sea salt, and flickered over by fireflies. Captain Kettle mired himself badly in this, and being always a spruce man in his personal appearance, cursed his luck with point and fluency. Not till he was half way through did doubts as to direction assail him. The marsh had obviously been paddled over by countless footmen. Would it carry a camel? "Not unless they took along a steamcrane with them in case of breakdowns," he told himself.

So, with still more hard language, he went backward over the trail, and on the edge of the marsh found (as he suspected) that the horseshoofs and the camel-pads had swung off at right angles to the main trail, and that the road that interested him bore away to the north and east. It was his first attempt at tracking, and though in after life he came to be almost as good at picking up "signs" as an Australian black, it must be remembered that I am writing now of his apprentice days in the art of adventure, and can only depict him as the imperfect practitioner that he then was.

It was round at the back of this salt marsh that he came across those argan-trees, about whose sharp bayonet-shaped spikes he spoke so feelingly, and here for a while discovery of the path was fairly simple. It twisted and it wound, often curving back almost on itself. It seemed to delight in going as much uphill and downhill as the contours of the country would permit. It was narrow, and as is the unvarying habit of the native African road, it had faults enough to make the shade of the late John Macadam writhe if it ever blew that way, and saw how the name of road could be disgraced.

Once a sudden rustle, and a rattle as of sticks clearing for action, put the little sailor on the hasty defense, and Winchester in hand, he rushed fiercely forward, on the old but erroneous principle that it is always safer to attack then to defend. A cloud sliding away from the moon, however, showed him that the path was held by nothing more formidable than a big porcupine that he had disturbed at its evening meal. The beast was a mass of angry bristling quills, and in another step Captain Kettle would have stumbled on them and been badly pricked. But as it was, and the creature showed no sign of budging, he gave it right of way, and passed round it in a generous circuit.

Another time a sounder of wild pig crossed the path, and the boar in charge, a huge bristling tusker of the narrow variety, a good four feet high at the withers, scented man, and had three-quarters of a mind to charge and rip. The trifling detail that Kettle had him covered with a steady rifle barrel did not enter into his majesty's calculations. He had not seen a rifle before; and even if he had known it intimately, that would not have made the smallest difference to his piggish mind if he had felt in the mood for a charge. But some matter of domestic interest flitted across his slow-moving brain, and with a grunt, and a whetting of his tushes on an argan trunk as he passed, he lumbered on into the bush after his wives and their piglings.

With the coming of morn, the birds began to awake. When the sun commenced to rise from beyond Africa, there in the higher flats of the atmosphere which were first to be lighted, swam an eagle of the Atlas and a couple of carrion fowl, already on station; the partridge and quail began to scutter across the path in another hard day's search for food; and when day was fairly alight, great flocks of blue rock pigeons from the higher Atlas crags flew swooping down, one flock after another, to drink at some unseen wady. A couple of aoudad — mouflon they call them elsewhere — the primevial sheep, to be more simple — surprised by the dawn, galloped past, making for the security of those high inaccessible crags which have kept them from man's extinguishing weapons down through so many countless centuries.

"The daily miracle of the dawn"—the line ran through Captain Kettle's head, and he struggled hard to find rhymes to match it, and other lines to carry on what he had seen. He was in as desperate a situation as a man well could be; all the country, he knew full well, was against him, and the custom was to cut a throat first, and to inquire into motives afterward; but somehow or other, a tight place like this always seemed to make him quaintly happy, and to bring up within him that appetite for the making of verse which grew so largely to be a habit with him throughout all his stormy career.

He had walked all night; he was bone-weary; the dew chilled him, and by the thorns of the argans he had been cruelly torn; but his spirit was bright within him, and although through sheer exhaustion he was at length driven to pull off the path, and rest under the shade of a magnolia, it was only his limbs that found repose. The scent of the pink waxen blossoms above him, the smell of the clean earth, the sounds, the colors, the noises of the birds filled him with an ecstasy that with him had only one mode of expression. He drew from his pocket paper, an end of pencil, and the stanzas rolled out with curious ease.

It was wonderful poetry.

To Be Continued.

Get Latest Factory Prices On EDWARDS STEEL SHINGLES

Cheaper than wood, much easier to put on, 4 times as serviceable — can't **rust, rot, leak nor burn** — $10,000 Indemnity Bond against lightning loss — come in sheets of 100 shingles or more. "Dead easy" to put on—just nail them on old roof or sheathing. We use the famous Tightcote Process and patent Interlocking Device. Made by biggest sheet metal makers in the world.

Sold direct from factory, freight prepaid. Send postal for catalog 775 and get our surprisingly low price, by return mail. Give size of roof if possible.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 725-775 Lock St., Cincinnati, O.
Largest Makers of Sheet Metal Products in the World.

Let Them Wear Them!

Pittsburg Dispatch.

It is observed that one or two tasteful advocates of embellishment of the male dress art writing to the papers declaring that men should be allowed by custom to wear not only bracelets but earings too, if they desired. Well, who prevents them? They can wear both if they wish. They can also do better and wear nose rings, which would be more truly American adornment, inherited from the real natives of this country.

One of the important functions of the government in Germany is the issuing of permits to hunters. The revenue thus obtained is about $1,500,000 annually.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful expierments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will somebody kindly tell me how to send eggs by parcel post?—G., Pittsburg, Pa.

Is there a reader of the Farmstead who can tell be something about arrow root and hemp (cannavis indica)? Will they grow in Minnesota, aid what the requirements of cultivation are? I would like to know how many years they must grow before being used, and whether the tops or roots are used. I would like all the information I can get on the subject.—M., Winnebago, Minnesota.

Note.—We would be pleased to have anybody who can, answer the above questions, but it is suggested that the inquirer write to the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.—Ed. Farmstead.

I have a young cow that will be two years old in September. She has never had a calf, but she gives milk, three quarts a day. I get three-quarters of a pound of butter from her. She will bring forth her first calf by September 1. I want to know if her milk is pure, and if milking her will injure the cow or hurt the calf. Will somebody answer through the Farmstead —S., Abanda, Ala.

We have a 6-year-old fox terrier dog that has been having fits for a year, and is getting worse. Will some one suggest a remedy? — L., Union City, Pa.

Will some reader of the Farmstead give some information in regard to goats as milk producers?—B., Cuba, Illinois.

Rutabagoes for Hogs.

H., Camp Douglas, Wis., asks if any reader ever finished fattening hogs on rutabagoes, pumpkins, squash and potatoes? "If not," she says "try it. You will say it is the sweetest meat you ever ate."

Lifting the Mortagage.

L. A. Pinchon, writing to the Farmer's Guide, tells this interesting story of a successful family:

"A few years ago a man, who desires his name withheld, became tired of city drudgery and sought to settle on a farm where he could, at least be a free man. He had at that time seven childen, the number increasing to ten as the years passed. At that time the wife had very poor health and the doctor had recommended the country air, so they purchased 100 acres of land not far from Seymour, Ind. They made a small payment down and mortgaged it with $200 yearly payments and interest. Well, together with the large family, the advent of more babies, sickness and doctor bills and other expenses, the interest was all they could meet for several years until the older boys had reached the age where they could take the plow and help to seed and harvest the crops. The mother taught the girls to work, economize and plan as soon as they were old enough to understand and the co-operation of the entire family was the result. With the hope of inspiring other farmer girls I will give their plan of co-operation.

"Five years ago the father was almost at the point of giving up when a plan was thought out by the mother and acted upon by the whole family. They called it "the family organization," and each took to the work assigned them with a vigor worthy of commendation and praise. The father and two older sons were to plow, sow and harvest the crops; Joe and Ethel were to plant the beans and pumpkins in the corn and help with the potatoes and other odd jobs; Kate and Mary were to have charge of the house work and the butter making; little Jennie must care for the small children so mamma would be free to think and plan; Jimmy's place was to slop hogs, care for the sheep and do the chores at the barn; mother and Emma were the poultry raisers and looked after the sale of the eggs, picked the ducks, dressed and marketed the chickens and ducks, did the family shopping, sewing and all the thousand and one little odd jobs.

"A large flock of Indian Runner ducks is parts of this farm's equipment. Each member of the family is equipped with a splendid feather bed and four pillows. Every third year the old stock of hen and ducks are sold and the young ones are kept. The eggs bring $1 per setting of 15. A portion of the farm is literally alive with poultry, and equipments, which, by good management, is bringing in more money than the rest of the farm. Last year the mortgage was paid off and on my last visit there six months ago, the old gentleman told me that if it hadn't been for that family organization and co-operation he would have lost everything. I never saw a happier family or a more prosperous one and they gave me the privilege of giving their plan and experience to others."

Recommends Goats.

It has often seemed strange to the writer that a greater number of farmers do not keep at least a small flock of common goats. These little animals, in the course of a year, will kill out many noxtous weeds that no other stock will eat. They will also kill out "buck brush" and sprouts in pastures, and their droppings will greatly enrich the land. In winter if allowed to run among the cattle in the feed lot they will obtain their living from what the cattle waste. They require no care whatever, except a little watchfulness at kidding time, as little kids, like little lambs, are apt to chill to death in cold weather. A goat will raise at least two kids in a year and very often she will raise four, as it seems natural for them to have twins.

Goat meat is considered by many to be superior to mutton and is certainly much more cheaply produced. On the farm of the writer, there is kept a flock of from 15 to 25 goats the year around, and if fresh meat is wanted at any time, a kid or goat is butchered according to the amount of meat required, and there is certainly no better meat than that of a fat kid. We have had visitors at our table who pronounced it the best mutton they ever ate, not realizing of course that they were eating the flesh of a goat.—Mrs. F., Missouri.

Government Investigation.

It is announced that the department of agriculture, through its office of markets, will shortly begin a thorough study of what happens to produce from the time it leaves the producer until it reaches the consumer. A specialist on marketing perishable produce will investigate prices received by producers, cost of transportation and storage, change of ownership, accumulated charges, profits and other elements. This specialist will then study conditions in various sections to determine the feasibility of a market news service dealing with perishable products, and also the best method of making statistics of supply and demand useful to the farmer or truck gardener.

Other specialists will give attention to studying co-operative organizations of producers and consumers, including co-operative marketing associations of farmers and buyers, co-operative stores, etc. They will make intensive studies of typical communities dealing with special products, and will assist in the formation of new co-operative enterprises. An expert in co-operative accounting will assist such organizations to keep their books and records effectively, establish cost systems and follow up methods of handling goods en route and on sale.

Co-operating with the other investigators will be specialists in transportation—men who have had as much railroad shipping experience as division freight agents—who will assist producers in securing proper freight rates, and will discuss questions of extending facilities, determination of rates, routing and other matters concerned with the speedy and cheap moving of produce to centers of wholesale and retail demand.

Especial attention is to be given to the milling, marketing and utilization of cotton seed. A specialist in this line will gather full information necessary for the successful operation of oil mills by co-operating producers. He will also endeavor to find new uses and new applications for cotton seed and its manufactured products.

Other specialists, thoroughly familiar with the marketing of cotton in Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma and other cotton states will devote their attention to improving trade in cotton and devising improved methods of handling cotton and seed cotton.

LIVE STOCK

Hurdles for Ewes.

If it is a flock of any size, it is a safe plan for the shepherd to provide separate small pens for the ewes until the lambs are a few days old and have gained enough strength to get around well. If allowed to lamb with the rest of the flock, the ewes are liable to try to get away from the rest of the sheep and the chances are that some lambs will be dropped where there is little or no shelter and when this occurs in bad stormy weather, the youngsters soon become chilled and die before they are able to suckle. By inspecting the ewes every day the shepherd can easily detect the most forward ewes and they may be separated from the remainder of the flock and kept some place where there is no danger of the lamb freezing should the shepherd not be there to look after it. The mother and lamb may now be put in a small pen made in one corner or along one side of the regular shed. This pen need not be over four feet. Here the ewe will not fret about the lamb and it will be in no danger whatever from wandering away and getting chilled from lack of milk. These small pens are also useful in cases where ewes disown their lambs. They may be tied or the pen made narrow enough that the ewe cannot turn around and fight the lamb.

Some flock owners make these pens by hinging two short hurdles together at one end. The hurdles should be about five feet long and not over two feet six inches high. When hinged together they make a V shaped pen when has the shed wall for the third side. These have the advantage of being easily constructed and very easily moved. When through using this hinged pen, it may be folded together and kept in some convenient place about the shed where it will not be in the way.—V. A Place, Ill., College of Agriculture.

THE DAIRY

Nipple vs. Bucket Farming.

Eighty calves (principally Jerseys) were employed in five separate experiments at the Kentucky station at Lexington to determine the advisability of using the calf nipple for feeding the young calf. In all the tests as reported in bulletin 171 from that station two lots of calves were fed, one lot of calves being fed milk direct from the bucket and the second lot was fed through a nipple Three kinds of patent nipples or "salf feeders" were used. The simplest and in most respects the most satisfactory calf feeders was made of a round wooden block with a one-inch hole bored in the middle through which the nipple was pulled. This block with the nipple was placed on top of the milk in a bucket and we never had any trouble cleaning this nipple and it cost very little. One type of calf feeder had the nipple placed in the bottom of the bucket, which was hung above the calf's head. Because of the fact that the bucket was not very strong, we had some trouble from leaks and this "feeder" did not give absolute satisfaction. The third type was composed of a rubber tube, a metal core, a spring and a nipple.

The bucket in this type was hung on a hook outside the calf's stall, and the rubber hose extended from the bucket through the wall and spring to the nipple. This feeder was quite successful and altogether satisfactory.

The lots of calves were divided equally into two groups with regard to age, sex, weight and thrift. The same amount of feed, pasture and milk was given to all calves. In the beginning of the experiment the calves were approximately two weeks of age. Careful weights of each calf were taken on three successive days of each month The milk was warmed before being fed to the calves and the rubber parts were soaked in three per cent formalin solution after each feeding. The calves were fed milk twice each day and hay and grain as they grew.

It required on an average for all the calves, 39½ seconds for the bucket calves to drink their milk, while the calves sucking their milk through the nipple required an average of two minutes and 21 seconds to drink the same quantity of milk. Weights show conclusively that during the first 7 to 10 weeks of the calf's life, they were more thrifty when fed through the nipple, which was due to the fact that as they suck the milk they mix it thoroughly with saliva and take it slowly. After the 70th day the nipple was no more effective than bucket feeding and in fact calves fed carefully from the bucket will make almost as large growth by the time they are six months old as those fed on the nipple when they are young.

Profitable Cows.

There is some truth in the assertion that "no one ever sells his best cows." It, therefore, is established that to have profit-taking cows it is most important for the dairyman to raise his own herd, and not to rely on purchasing animals to keep up the supply.

Inherited capacity for milk production is a point that must not be overlooked in breeding cattle. In fact, it is the first thing the dairyman should avail himself of, and to strongly further this end a good bull of one of the dairy breeds should be used.

The work of establishing a good dairy herd, however, is only begun when the breeding is done. Starting with dairy inheritance the heifer calves should be fed and handled with a view of increasing the influence of the maternal function on which milk production depends. The feeding of heifer calves intended for the dairy is a very different thing from that calculated to make a good calf in the sense of pleasing outline and thrifty plumpness. These latter points should be aimed at by the beef producer, of course, but in dairying, while the heifer calf should be well nourished, it should be done with feeds that produce angularity of form rather than plumpness. This means that little or no fattening food should be fed, and that the tendency to lay on fat never should be encouraged at any step in the feeding. A heifer calf that insists on putting on fat should be left out of one's calculations, so far as the dairy herd is concerned, and prepared for the butcher, for whose use the capacity to lay on fat is desirable. Careful feeding that will not result in fat production is of prime importance in managing a heifer intended for a dairy cow. The calf should be handled also, regularly, every day, and with kindness, so that it will never know fear of man, and as the early establishment of the maternal function is important, dairy heifers should be bred early. There is a tendency in some breeds to overdo at this point. A good many heifers are bred too early. About 15 months is about right for breeding dairy heifers. Earlier than that there is danger of injuring constitution, and to defer it much later is to neglect the early encouragement of maternity, and consequently the early establishment of the habit of milk-making.

This is a step which, if rightly taken, means a whole lot for good—and results can be reversed when done in a haphazard way.

In dairying it is important that the calf be sucked as little as possible. Many dairymen never allow the calf to take the dam's milk direct at all, believing that any nursing whatever awakens the instinct to do so in both dam and calf, and when the latter is denied, makes both fret to a greater or less extent. Others allow the calf to suck a couple of times, taking care not to permit it to gorge itself, so that it will be in life with a bad case of scours, and they then remove the calf entirely out of sight of the mother. The future thrift of the little fellow will then depend upon it being taught to drink milk promptly. To do this put the warm, diluted milk in a pail and get the calf in a position where it cannot back away from the operator, stand astride of its neck, hold the pail in the left hand, dip two fingers of the right hand into the milk and then gently insert them into the calf's mouth. Instinct will teach it to suck the fingers, and as it does this, its mouth should be placed in the milk and the fingers slowly removed. After a few trials the calf will usually learn to drink without assistance.

At this stage of the feeding of the calf care should be taken to avoid overfeeding. More calves are injured by permitting them to gorge upon milk quite early in life than in any other way. Nature's own methods in this respect are a good guide, and for the first week little and often should be the rule. In the course of a week the calf should be gradually brought to a skim-milk diet by reducing the whole milk little by little, and supplying a like quantity of warm, sweet skim mile.

Warmth and sweetness in the feed must be insisted upon. If the milk given be cold, or if it be a little bit turned, digestive disturbances are almost sure to follow, and perhaps the calf will be raised and perhaps not. As it gets to the skim milk diet an effort sould be made to replace with the best substitute obtainable the fat that is removed from the whole milk by skimming.

The best means to do this is by the use of a little ground flaxseed, every pound of which contains about one-third its weight of easily digested vegetable fat. It is sometimes added directly to the milk in the form of gruel, made by boiling a pint of ground flaxseed in a gallon or two of water. As early as possible, however, not only this, but whatever other supplemental feeds are added to the ration, should be fed dry, as it is important to teach the calf to eat dry meal as early as posible.

Cornmeal in the proportion of about eight or nine parts to one of ground flaxseed makes a very desirable addition to a skim-milk diet, beginning with a small amount of it and gradually increasing it from a couple of tablespoonfuls in the beginning to twice as much within a week, and then slowly increasing to a pound a day; and when the calf is two months old a pound of oatmeal or wheat shorts may be added and continued for a couple of months longer. Care should be taken not to overdo the skim milk portion of the ration. Twenty pounds a day is abundant, and, properly supplemented, a considerable less quantity will answer well.

Cooling the Cream.

Much discussion has taken place every summer in agricultural journals and among farmers as to the most satisfactory method of keeping their milk and cream in good condition. Many foolish ideas have been advanced, but after each discussion it has usually been agreed that the only suitable and reliable method that can be followed is to place the milk and butter in tanks of running water. Even this method appears impracticable during seasons when water runs low, and it is necessary to economize on its use.

It is almost necessary that the farmer have three means or methods in use all the time to keep his milk and cream in presentable and marketable condition. First, he can have a tank for use when he has plenty of water at hand; second, he must be able to keep the cream in a cool cave or hanging in the well when the water supply is low or prohibits the use of the tank, and, third, if this is impossible, the must churn the cream or market the butter immediately. It can be seen that this last method will be extremely inconvenient, especially during the busy seasons when it will be almost impossible to leave the field at times and haul the milk or butter to town.

Naturally the best and most convenient method is the use of ice, but there are winters when there is little or no ice, or else the weather conditions are such that it is practically impossible for the farmer to put up a sufficient supply of ice. Everyone should exert a little more effort to put up ice and save trouble and worry during the summer.

THE ORCHARD

Tree Fruit Insects.

"The tree-fruits," says Professor Troop, of Perdue University, "are infested by a greater variety of insects than any other class of plants. More than 200 species are known to infest either the trees or fruit in some form. Some of them are only of minor importance, but the greater number often produce serious results if no remedies are applied. The Woolly aphis attacks the roots; the borers and bark-beetles attack the trunks; the numerous species of scale and bark-lice attack the branches; the various forms of caterpillars and plant-lice devour the leaves, or suck the life out of them, while the coddling moth, apple maggot, and different species of curculio strive to outdo each other in destroying the fruit. In applying remedies for all of these, one thing must be borne in mind, that is, the remedy must always be suited to the habits of the insect. For example, the sucking species, like plant-lice, must be treated with a contact poison, such as kerosene emulsion. In order to prevent the borers and bark-beetles from gaining entrance, a repellant, such as soap and carbolic acid, is used on the trunk, while the scales should be treated to the lime-sulphur wash. The caterpillars and most fruit insects may be held in check by a proper use of a stomach poison, such as Paris green or some other compound of arsenic."

Cottony Maple Scale.

To control cottony maple scale, Prof. J. G. Sanders recommends 10 to 12 per cent kerosene emulsion made as follows: Take one-half pound good soap; one gallon soft (rain) water; two gallons kerosene.

Shave and dissolve the soap in a gallon of boiling water,, and pour the mixture into two gallons of kerosene. Mix thoroughly by violent agitation or by pumping the liquid back upon itself with a foot pump until a white, creamy, gelatinous emulsion is obtained on cooling. This is a stock solution. to make a 10 per cent emulsion add 5½ gallons of soft water to each gallon of stock solution for a 12 per cent emulsion add 4½ gallons of water.

Ordinarily the natural parasites of this scale control it, but occasionally it occurs in such numbers that remedial measures are necessary. — Farmer's Guide.

POULTRY

Safe Packing of Eggs.

The United States Department of Agriculture, through its bureau of chemistry, is conducting extensive experiments to determine the safest manner of packing eggs for long and short shipment by rail. According to the last year book about nine per cent of all eggs received in New York were cracked, and of these a large number were unfit for food use. The egg supply of large cities, and particularly New York, has to come from a long distance, because, according to the thirteenth census, the middle Atlantic states in 1909 sold only about 110,000,000 dozen eggs, or not enough to supply New York alone if every egg had been sent to that point.

For the eastern coast cities, the distant corn districts are practically the sole source of supply. Increasing consumption of eggs adds to the distance from which eggs must come, and makes the safe shipment of this valuable food product more and more essential.

The bureau of chemistry regards the investigation of the methods of preventing egg breakage as particularly important because the many millions of dozens of eggs now broken in shipment naturally tend to keep the price of this valuable food higher than if there were no breakage, or breakage were materially reduced. The bureau through the food research laboratory, is now engaged in shipping eggs handled in different ways on long journeys to different points in the United States, and is carefully noting their condition on receipt at their destination.

What Is Balanced Ration?

A balanced ration in poultry diet means a sufficient amount of carbonaceous material in a mixture to counteract any bad results that might arise here an entirely nitrogenous ration is given, and vice versa.

Too much fat ill be produced by a ration rich in carbon. The results of such a diet would give an overfat condition of the body and probably death by apoplexy.

On the other hand, an exclusive nitrogenous food would be apt to result in bowel troubles and others disorders.

But for the thrift and product of the hen—to keep her in good, healthful condition and produce many eggs—we must use both carbonaceous and nitrogenous feeds. We must properly balance them.

In order that the hen may be able to manufacture eggs she must be given material that will not only build up the wanting tissues, but will also furnish the right ingredients to make the eggs.

To grow bone and muscle, to keep the blood in a healthful condition, to produce feathers and eggs, we must furnish nitrobenous matter (proteids or protein).

To give the hen heat and energy we use carbonaceous matter (carbohyrate—starches).

The two must be mixed. Fats, to a more or less extent, can be found in every article of food.

Now, in making up a ration it is important that it contains food that the fowls will eat readily—not food that hunger must force them to eat. The ration should have a sufficient quantity of digestible nutriments to furnish the needs of both quick growth and a good supply of eggs. It should be bulky enough so that the digestive secretions may act quickly upon it.

There should not be an excess of indigestible fibre, only to be thrown off by the system, causing a waste of energy.

Professor James E. Rice says it is not how much a fowl eats, but how much it can digest, that determines the value of a food. Various classes of animals differ in their power to digest the same kinds of food. Foods also vary in their digestibility when used by the same animal. Unfortunately, the proportion of each poultry food which fowls can ordinarily digest has not as yet been determined. Therefore, we are obliged to accept the standards of digestibility which are used in compounding rations for other animals as the result of many digestion experiments. (In this case, for cattle.)

It has been found by Professor Wheeler, of the New York Experimental Station, that 500 pounds of live weight of hens in full laying, each hen weighing from three to five pounds (about 100 hens), would require per day 27.5 pounds of dry matter, 1.3 pounds of ash, 5 pounds of protein, 18.75 pounds of carbohydrates and 1.1 pounds of fat. This has a nutritive ratio of 1:4.6.

The following combination of feeds are suggestive by the Massacusetts Experimental Station is likely to produce satisfactory eggs yields if judiciously handled. These suggestions are based upon results of some of their most satisfactory feeding experiments. Each combination will supply approximately the amount of food which will be needed by a flock of 22 fowls for one month. The foods in the combinations which follow which are connected by the bracket have been mixed when weighed out and have been made into a slightly moist crumbly mash in the qauntity needed from day to day. It has been the station's practice also to mix one and one-half to two pounds of powdered charcoal with the other materials which enter into the mash.

No. 1.	No. 2.
50 lbs. corn	50 lbs. corn
14 lbs. oats or barley	14 lbs. oats or barley
16 lbs. wheat bran	10 lbs. wheat bran
5 lbs. middlings	4 lbs. flour middlings
25 lbs. cornmeal	28 lbs. cornmeal
8 lbs. beef scrap	7 lbs. animal meal
10 lbs. cut clover	10 lbs. cut clover
No. 3.	**No. 4.**
50 lbs. corn	50 lbs. corn
10 lbs. wheat	10 lbs. wheat
28 lbs. cornmeal	23 lbs. cornmeal
2 lbs. flour middlings	10 lbs. wheat bran
10 lbs. hominy	5 lbs. middlings
7 lbs. beef scrap	5 lbs. alfalfa meal
10 lbs. cut clover	7 lbs. beef scrap

The Maine method of feeding, as the state experimental station, is as follows:

Early in the morning for each 100 hens, four quarts of screened cracked corn are scattered on the little, which is six or eight inches deep on the floor. This is not mixed into the litter, for the straw is dry and light and enough of the grain is hidden so the birds commence scratching for it almost immediately. At 10 o'clock they are fed in the same way, two quarts of wheat and two quarts of oats. This is all of the regular feeding that is done.

Along one side of the room is the food trough, with its slatted front. In it is kept a supply of dry meals mixed together. This dry meal mixture is composed of the following materials: 200 pounds good wheat bran, 100 pounds cornmeal, 10 0pounds middlings, 100 pounds gluten meal or brewers' grain, 100 pounds linseed meal and 100 pounds beef scrap. About five pounds of clover hay cut into half-inch lengths is fed daily to each 100 birds in winter.

The average amounts of the materials eaten by each of them during the last year are about as follows:

Grain and the meal mixture	90.0 lbs.
Oyster shell	4.0 lbs.
Dry cracked bone	2.4 lbs.
Grit	2.0 lbs.
Charcoal	2.4 lbs.
Clover	10.0 lbs.

These materials cost about $1.45 hens average laying 144 eggs each. In the Maine station alfalfa and clover are found the most satisfactory green foods for summer. The free use of rape is believed to make the yolks of the eggs greenins when boiled.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

5 Year Guaranteed Buggies At ½ Retail Price

$55.00 VALUE PRICE $29.50

You take no risk when you buy a buggy from us. We guarantee it to please you, and to be a bigger value for your money than you can get anywhere else, or you needn't keep it. *Reference;* S. Ill. Natl. Bank, East St. Louis, Ill.

Mutual Buggies, Surreys, Wagons, etc., are the highest quality, handsomest, most stylish vehicles built. The only line guaranteed 5 years. We sell direct at wholesale prices—and save you $25.00 to $100.00. Write for catalog and delivered prices.

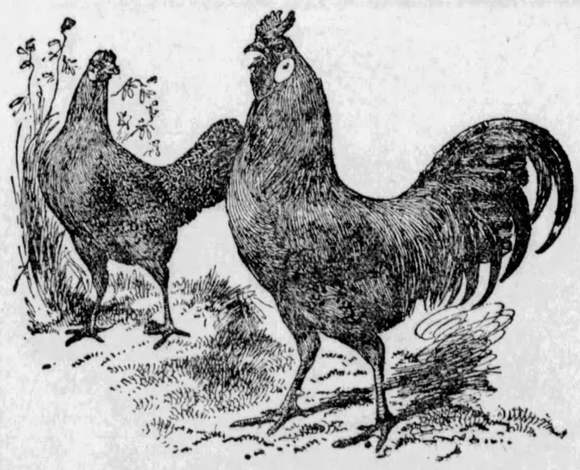
MUTUAL HARNESS at $5.85 per set up: double $14.10 up; work harness $19. up, all genuine leather; highest quality; Fully Guaranteed 25 to 50% cheaper than retail. Catalog Free. Write today

SENT ON APPROVAL.

MUTUAL CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., Station 46GE. St. Louis, Ill. or Station 46G 101 E. Fourth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CORN HARVESTER with Binder attachment cuts and throws in piles on harvester or winrow. Men and horse cuts and shocks equal with a corn Binder. Sold in every state. Price $20. W. H. Buxton, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: "The Harvester has proven all you claim for it: the Harvester saved me over $25 in labor last year's corn cutting. I cut over 100 shocks; will make 4 bushels corn to a shock." Testimonials and catalog free, showing pictures of harvester. Address NEW PROCESS MFG. CO., SALINA, KANSAS

Pretty Name for Pretty Birds



SICILIAN BUTTERCUPS.

The Sicilian Buttercups are found in their purity in the island of Sicily, Italy. There it has been a fixture so long that its origin is unknown. It was first imported (accidentally) to Americao about 1860, but was never really tested until within the last few years. In size, temperament, growth any laying qualities it equals the Leghorn, and bids fair to be in great demand for egg-laying purposes. Its oddity of comb and handsome plumage offer the fancier a new opportunity to try his skill at greater perfection.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit, and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and there didn't seem to be an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee, and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle, because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kindeys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving of coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms,

Regular Postum (must be boiled.)

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling, but is prepared **instantly** by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

FARMERS - MERCHANTS - AGENTS ATTENTION! —DO YOU WANT THIS 1913 MODEL

Ford AUTOMOBILE FREE

BIG PERMANENT PAYING BUSINESS BESIDES

We want a man in each community to help us out a little on a wonderful new plan. We want to introduce Wilbur's Stock Tonic and entire line of guaranteed Farm Remedies to a million more farmers and stock raisers. We want Special Agents everywhere to handle our immense retail business and we will equip these agents with latest model Ford Touring Cars — ABSOLUTELY FREE, — and build up for them a big paying business besides.

THIS OFFER OPEN TO YOU

No matter who you are or where you live. No experience necessary. We teach you everything. No capital required. Everything furnished. Splendid chance to make $3000 to $5000 a year and this Automobile FREE besides. Write us at once today. Don't put it off. Full details of our plan, how to get started, etc., will be sent at once.

WILBUR STOCK FOOD CO. 664 Michigan St. Milwaukee, Wis.

SCALP TROUBLE FOR OVER TEN YEARS

Small Bunches on Scalp. Itched, Formed Scale. Hair Came Out. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured in Two Months.

263 Harrison St., Elyria, Ohio. — "My case was a scalp trouble. I first noticed small bunches on my scalp which commenced to itch and I would scratch them and in time they got larger, forming a scale or scab with a little pus, and chunks of hair would come out when I would scratch them off. It caused me to lose most of my hair. It became thin and dry and lifeless. I was troubled for over ten years with it until it got so bad I was ashamed to go to a barber to get my hair cut.

"I tried everything I could get hold of, and ——, but received no cure until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment when the scale commenced to disappear. The way I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to wash my scalp twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and rub on the Cuticura Ointment. I received benefit in a couple of weeks and was cured in two months." (Signed) F. J. Busher, Jan. 28, 1913.

Why not have a clear skin, soft white hands, a clean scalp and good hair? It is your birthright. Cuticura Soap with an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will bring about these coveted conditions in most cases when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

SAY BRYAN IS NEGLECTING JOB

Politicians at Washington Find State Department Almost Deserted.

Washington, July 11. — Secretary Bryan will leave here July 19 for a six weeks' lecture tour. His engagements are principally in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. In his absence John Bassett Moore, counselor of the department, will be acting secretary of state. Mr. Bryan expects to return about September 1.

Washington, July 11.—Secretary of State Bryan left Washington yesterday afternoon for New York, where he will say farewell to Dr. Lauro Muller, envoy extraordinary on special mission from Brazil. Secretary Bryan will depart from Washington Saturday afternoon for Asheville, N. C., where he will participate in the opening of a hotel by a friend of his. A week from today Colonel Bryan will leave Washington for six weeks, four of which will be devoted to the Chautauqua circuit, at a figure as yet unannounced.

In the meantime the Department of State, of which Secretary Bryan is the head, probably will continue to run itself as it has done since March 4, and there is no prospect of any immediate improvement in the chaotic conditions which prevail in that important branch of the federal government.

Talk of Washington.

The situation in this department is the talk of Washington. There is to be found there an unprecedented stagnation of public business and internal turmoil and disintegration. Thoughtful people fear that there will be serious results in the event of a crisis in America's foreign relations.

The status of affairs in the department is this: The secretary of state has gone off to New York, the assistant secretary of state is somewhere in the West Indies, en route to America from what is called a "gumshoe mission."

No Solicitor Now.

The second assistant secretary of state, Alvey A. Adee, is in Europe on his annual leave. The third assistant secretary of state is with Dr. Muller, the Brazilian envoy. There is no solicitor of the department. Of the three assistant solicitors provided by law, and who are at all times hard worked in keeping up with the business of the department, there are only two, no one having been appointed to fill the existing vacancy.

The solicitor's office has been vacant since March 3, despite the fact that the solicitor is the legal officer of the department and one of the most important officers in it. In the past he has always relieved the secretary and other heads of the department by a vast amount of work. Of the subordinate chiefs of division and bureaus there are several absentees.

Work Is Neglected.

The result of this unfortunate condition is that not even routine work of the department is receiving proper attention, let alone the more important questions of the day. People having business with the department find it almost impossible to obtain expeditious replies to letters or action on their requests.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

SAY AMERICANS AIDED REBELS

Mexican Newspaper Complains of Action of U. S. Warship.

Washington, July 12.—Secretary Bryan has called upon Charles L. Montague, American consular agent at Cananea, to answer charges transmitted to the state department through Senators ...ll and Smith (Arizona), of meddling with the political situation in Mexico.

Montague's superior, Consul Simpitch, also has been called upon to report on the case. News dispatches have stated that Montague incurred the displeasure of Mexican state officials of Cananea by refusing to cash drafts in his capacity as cashier of an American banking company.

Secretary Garrison today ordered Col. Edwin P. Brewer of the Fourteenth cavalry at Fort McIntosh, Texas, to demand the release of five Americans together with 350 cattle and 30 horses held by Mexican revolutionists at Hidalgo, Mexico. Secretary Bryan requested the action

Would Release Americans.

Attention of the state department was called to the imprisonment of the Americans and the seizure of their property by Consul Garrett at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. When Mr. Garrett demanded the release of his countrymen, the revolutionists told him they must await orders from Piedras Negras.

So great is the lawlessness around Tampico that the better class of Mexicans have joined Americans in organizing vigilantes under commission of the federal military government of San Luis Potosi. Already 14 bandits have been hanged. It is expected that a military governor will take charge of the state of Tamaulipus as has been done in Vera Cruz and San Luis Potosi in the last few days.

Say Americans Aid Rebels.

Much space is devoted today by the newspapers in Mexico City to articles in support of charges that American citizens are aiding the rebels. Alleged specific instances are given, the material for which, in part, at least, has been supplied from official sources.

The official correspondence is given in the case of Jesse H. Johnson, United States consul at Matamoras, whom Elias, the Mexican inspector of consuls, charges with attempting to induce federal troops to join the rebels who had captured that town. Elias also accuses Frank Raab, whose probable appointment as port collector at Laredo, Tex., recently was under discussion.

The charge is brought that an American warship at Guaymas threw rays of its searchlights on the city in the recent fight, thus enabling the rebels to take better aim.

FREE SUIT
Free Overcoat
Free Outfit and
$60.00 a WEEK

No matter what kind of a job you hold, how much money you are making you simply can't afford to pass up this amazingly sensational offer. No other tailoring concern in the world can afford to duplicate it. We put you in business on our capital, and make you a swell suit and overcoat FREE. You simply can't help earning $60 a week and more.

OUTFITS COST $76,000

Listen! This is the most gorgeously stupendous Agent's Outfit ever conceived. Cost us $76,000—costs you only 1 cent for a postal to get one. Our famous Book of Gold Masterpiece Edition shows 96 fashions, 20 samples—all different—all distinctive. Everything you need FREE and besides

Your Suit and Overcoat Free

We prepay express charges. No money—no experience necessary. Snappy selling helps, presents for customers—everything FREE, sent at once. Write a postal today.

GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING COMPANY
Dept. 848 Chicago, Ill.

BRYAN NEEDS MONEY

Secretary Gives Reason for Going on Platform.

Hendersonville, N. C., July 14.—While lecturing here yesterday Secretary William J. Bryan declared he was compelled to deliver Chautauqua addresses to supplement his government salary, which he declared was not sufficient to meet his expenses.

"As this is my first Chautauqua lecture since becoming a member of the cabinet," said Secretary Bryan, "it may not be out of place to say that I find it necessary to lecture in order to supplement the salary which I receive from the government. As I have lectured for 18 years, this method of adding to my income is the most natural one to which to turn, and I regard it as extremely legitimate."

TOLEDO GIRL LIFE SAVER

Irene Boucher Is Heroine of Eastern Summer Colony.

Middleboro, Mass., July 14.—Miss Irene Boucher, of Toledo, who is spending the summer at Long Pond, is today the heroine of the summer colony at that resort. Miss Boucher saved the life of Leonard Perrault of Taunton, Mass., yesterday by fearlessly risking her own. Perrault with a companion was capsized while boating on Long Pond. His companion, Harry Chase, drowned before help could be summoned. Perrault's cries for aid were heard by Miss Boucher, who, regardless of the fact that she is a weak swimmer, bravely hurried to his rescue. After getting him to safety Miss Boucher made an effort to get Chase, but by the time she had reached the scene he had gone down for the last time.

WOMEN BATHE IN THE DEW

Washington Society Pleased by Dip in Chevy Chase Grass.

Washington, July 11.—Not only is Chevy Chase becoming a fashionable summer resort for officialdom on account of the extra session of congress which holds members here for the hot months, but it has become a dew bath resort as well.

Fashionable summer residents are taking dew baths in the early morning, and they claim the dew which falls on the grass about Chevy Chase circle holds mystic healing and beautifying properties.

The bathers wear real bathing suits and go barefoot. They dance the new Greek dances and roll and gambol on the green. Among the health bathers are Mrs. George Howard and her daughter, Miss Margaret Perin, Miss Katherine Britton, Miss Janet Allen and a number of their friends.

FRANCE ASKS WAR SECRET

Seeks American Method of Making Smokeless Powder.

Washington, July 14.—War department officials have been placed in an embarrassing position, it became known today, by a request from agents of the French government for assistance of the department's ordnance bureau in perfecting the smokeless powder now used by the French army and navy.

A series of unexplained disastrous explosions in the French magazines aboard ship and ashore is said to have led to this request.

The war department buys powder under contract from an American company which has protested vigorously against the disclosures of its trade secrets to a foreign government, asserting that from patriotic motives it had previously rejected overtures from this foreign government to sell it powder or to establish a powder factory in France.

TEN KILLED IN COLLISION

Electrics to Bull Fight Come Together.

Hendaye, France, July 14.—Two electric trams crowded with passengers on their way to a bull fight at Irun, a Spanish frontier town, collided yesterday. Ten persons were killed and 50 wounded, many of them seriously.

PRESIDENT FACES MOST BUSY WEEK

Conferences Due on Money and Tariff Bills and Jap Question.

Washington, July 14.—President Wilson returned to Washington today to take up the following important matters:

Conference with leaders of the senate in reference to the tariff situation.

Conference with leaders of the senate and house in regard to the status of the banking and currency reform bill.

Conference with Secretary of State Bryan in relation to the formal answer to make to Japan in connection with the California land question.

Tariff Now Out of Woods.

The tariff from the Democratic standpoint is out of the woods. The bill will pass the senate, as it has been agreed upon by the caucus. The banking and currency bill can be forced through the house if the caucus agrees to such action. Unless the President swings the big stick, however, it will not go through the senate.

So much opposition has developed in the upper chamber that administration leaders in that body fear it will be impossible to have the measure taken up at this session.

These men are apprehensive that immediately after the tariff bill is passed and signed by the President a resolution to adjourn will be adopted If this should be done the President undoubtedly will recall congress in extra session.

Every effort will be made to induce him to set the date for reassembling late in October, so that the effect of his action would be merely to start the work of the winter session a month earlier than otherwise would be the case.

Senate Balks on Money Bill.

Sentiment in the banking and currency committee is opposed to currency legislation at this session, and that committee can delay its report as long as it deems advisable. It may be, however, the President will force action by again proclaiming the absolute need of this reform and developing a public sentiment which will compel the senate to get down to work.

It is expected the answer of the United States to the second protest of the Japanese government with reference to the California land bill will be presented to the Japanese ambassador this week.

The administration is surrounding the Japanese negotiations with great secrecy, on the theory that publication will be apt to inflame public sentiment in Japan.

SIX U. S. SOLDIERS ARE KILLED

Troopers Die in Manila When Car Jumps Track.

Washington, July 9.—The six soldiers killed in Manila yesterday when a flat car jumped the track and overturned were Privates Boyd Manes, of the quartermaster corps; Louis D. Koenig, Elmer Nertzinger, John Paul, Albert R. Wells and George Hughes, according to a dispatch received at the war department today. All belonged to the 95th company coast artillery.

Rents in Hong Kong have advanced 25 per cent since the Chinese revolution.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

he passed it back to Philip who was riding close behind him.

"Something happened last night," he said, looking straight ahead of him, "that I can't understand. I did not tell my wife. I haven't told any one. But I guess you ought to know. It's interesting anyway — and has made a wreck of my nerves." He wiped his face with a blackened rag which he drew from his hip pocket. "We were working hard to get out the living, leaving the dead where they were for a time, and I crawled under the wreck of the sleeper. I was sure that I heard a cry, and crawled in among the debris, shoving a lantern ahead of me. About where Berth Number 10 should have been, the timbers had telescoped upward, leaving an open space four or five feet high. I was on my hands and knees, bare-headed, my lantern lighted up things as plain as day. At first I saw nothing, and was listening again for the cry when I felt something soft and light sweeping down over me, and I looked up. Heavens—"

Billinger was mopping his face again, leaving streaks of char-black where the perspiration had started.

"Pinned up there in the mass of twisted steel and broken wood was a woman," he went on. "She was the most beautiful thing I have ever looked upon. Her arms were reaching down to me; her face was turned a little to one side, but still looking at me—and all but her face and part of her arms was smothered in a mass of red-golden hair that fell down to my shoulders. I could have sworn that she was alive. Her lips were red, and I thought for a moment that she was going to speak to me. I could have sworn, too, that there was color in her face, but it must have been something in the lantern light and the red-gold of her hair, for when I spoke, and then reached up, she was cold."

Billinger shivered and urged his horse into a faster gait.

"I went out and helped with the injured then. I guess it must have been two hours later when I returned to take out her body. But the place where I had seen her was empty. She was gone. At first I thought that some of the others had carried her out, and I looked among the dead and injured. She was not among them. I searched again when day came, with the same result. No one has seen her. She has completely disappeared—and with the exception of my shanty there isn't a house within 10 miles of here where she could have been taken. What do you make of it, Steele?"

Philip had listened with tense interest.

"Perhaps you didn't return to the right place," he sugested. "Her body may still be in the wreck."

Billinger glanced toward him with a nervous laugh.

"But it was the right place," he said. "She had evidently not gone to bed, and was dressed. When I returned I found a part of her skirt in the debris above. A heavy tress of her hair had caught around a steel ribbing, and it was cut off! Some one had been there during my absence and had taken the body. I—I'm almost ready to believe that I was mistaken, and that she was alive. I found nothing there, nothing—that could prove her death.

"Is it possible—" began Philip, holding out the handkerchief.

It was not necessary for him to finish. Billinger understood, and nodded his head.

"That's what I'm thinking," he said. "Is it possible? What in God's name would they want of her, unless—"

"Unless she was alive," added Philip. "Unless one or more of the scoundrels searching for valuables in there during the excitement, saw her and carried her off with their other booty. It's up to us, Billinger!"

Billinger had reached inside his shirt, and now he drew forth a small paper parcel.

"'I don't know why—but I kept the tress of hair," he said. "See—"

From between his fingers, as he turned toward Philip, there streamed out a long silken tress that shone a marvelous gold in the sun, and in that same instant there fell from Philip's lips a cry such as Billinger had not heard, even from the lips of the wounded; and before he could recover from his astonishment, he had leaned over and snatched the golden tress from him, and sat in his saddle staring at it like a mad man.

"Yes, and a woman's handkerchief. Now what the devil—"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Girl in the Wreck.

In that moment of terrible shock—in the one moment when it seemed to him as though no other woman in the world could have worn that golden tress of hair but Isobel, Philip had stopped his horse, and his face had gone as white as death. With a tremendous effort he recovered himself, and saw Billinger staring at him as though the hot sun had for an instant blinded him of reason. But the lock of hair still rippled and shone before his eyes. Only twice in his life could be remember having seen hair just like this—that peculiar reddish gold that changed its lights with every passing cloud. He had seen it on Isobel, in the firelight of the camp, at Lac Bain — and he had seen it crowning the beautiful head of the girl back home, the girl of the hyacinth letter. He struggled to calm himself under the questioning gaze of Billinger's eyes He laughed, wound the hair carefully about his fingers, and put it in his coat pocket.

"You—you have given me a shock," he said, straining to keep his voice even. "I'm glad you had foresight enough to keep the lock of hair, Billinger. At first—I jumped to a conclusion. But there's only one chance in a hundred that I'm right. If I should be right—I know the girl. Do you understand—why it startled me? Now for the chase, Billinger. Lead away!"

Leaning low over their saddles they galloped into the North. For a time the trail of the five outlaws was so distinct that they rode at a speed which lathered their horses. Then the short prairie grass, crisp and sun-dried, gave place to a broad sweep of wire grass above which the yellow backs of coyotes were visible as now and then they bobbed up in their quick, short leaps to look over the top of it. In this brown sea all trace of the trail was lost from the saddle and both men dismounted. Foot by foot they followed the faint signs ahead of them, while over their backs the sun rose higher and began to burn with the dry furnace-like heat that had scorched the prairies. So slow was their progress that after a time Billinger straightened himself with a nervous curse. The perspiration was running in dirty streaks down his face. Before he had spoken Philip read the fear that was in his eyes and tried to hide the reflection of it in his own. It was too hot to smoke, but he drew forth a case of cigarettes and offered one to Billinger. The agent accepted one, and both lighted in silence, eying each other over their matches.

"Won't do," said Billinger, spitting on his match before tossing it among the grass. "It's ten miles across this wire-dip, and we won't make it until night—if we make it at all. I've got an idea. You're a better trailer than I am, so you follow this through. I'll ride on and see if I can pick up the trail somewhere in the edge of the clean prairie. What do you say?"

"Good!" said Philip. "I believe you can do it."

Billinger leaped into his saddle and was off at a gallop. Philip was almost eagerly anxious for this opportunity, and scarcely had the other gone when he withdrew the linen handkerchief and the crumpled lock of hair from his pocket and held them in his hand as he looked after the agent. Then, slowly, he raised the handkerchief to his face. For a full minute he stood with the dainty fabric pressed to is lips and nose. Back there—when he had first held the handkerchief—he thought that he imagined. But now he was sure. Faintly the bit of soiled fabric breathed to him the sweet scent of hyacinth. His eyes shone in an eager bloodshot glare as he watched Billinger disappear over a roll in the prairie a mile away.

"Making a fool of yourself again," he muttered, again winding the golden hair about his fingers. "There are other women in the world who use hyacinth besides her. And there are other women with red-gold hair—and pretty, pretty as Billinger says she was, aren't there?"

He laughed, but there was something uneasy and unnatural in the laugh. In spite of his efforts to argue the absurdity of his thoughts, he could feel that he was trembling in every nerve of his body. And twice—three times he held the handkerchief to his face before ee reached the rise in the prairie over which Billinger had disappeared. The agent had been gone an hour when the trail of the outlaws brought him to the knoll. From the top of it Philip looked over the prairie to the North.

A horseman was galloping toward him. He knew that it was Billinger, and stood up in his stirrups so that the other would see him. Half a mile away the agent stopped and Philip could see him signaling frantically with both arms. Five minutes later Philip rode up to him. Billinger's horse was half-winded, and in Billinger's face there were tense lines of excitement.

"There some one out on the prairie," he called, as Philip reined in. "I couldn't make out a horse, but there's a man in the trail beyond the ridge. I believe they've stopped to water their horses and feed at a little lake just this side of the rough country."

Billinger had loosened his carbine, and was examining the breech. He glanced anxiously at Philip's empty saddle-straps.

"It'll be long range shooting, if they've got guns," he said. "Sorry I couldn't find a gun for you.

Philip drew one of his two long-barreled service revolvers and set his lips in a grim and reassuring smile as he followed the bobbing head of a coyote some distance away.

"We're not considered proficient in the service unless we can make use of these things at two hundred yards, Billinger," he replied, replacing the weapon in its holster. "If it's a running fight I'd rather have 'em than a carbine. If it isn't a running fight we'll come in close."

Philip looked at the agent as they galloped side by side through the long grass, and Billinger looked at him. In the face of each there was something which gave the other assurance. For the first time it struck Philip that his companion was something more than an operator at Bleak House Station. He was a fighter. He was a man of the stamp needed down at headquarters, and he was bound to tell him so before this affair was over. He was thinking of it when they came to the second ridge.

Five miles to the north and west loomed the black line of the Bad Lands. To a tenderfoot they would not have appeared to be more than a mile distant. Midway in the prairie between there toiled a human figure. Even at that distance Philip and Billinger could see that it was moving, though with a slowness that puzzled them. For several minutes they stood breathing their horses, their eyes glued on the object ahead of them. Twice in a space of a hundred yards it seemed to stumble and fall. The second time that it rose Philip knew that it was standing motionless. Then it disappeared again. He stared until the rolling heat waves of the blistered prairie stung his eyes. The object did not rise. Blinking, he looked at Billinger, and through the sweat and grime of the other's face he saw the question that was on his own lips. Without a word they spurred down the slope, and after a time Billinger swept to the right and Philip to the left, each with his eyes searching the low prairie grass. The agent saw the thing first, still a hundred yards to his right. He was off his horse when Philip whirled at his shout and galloped across to him.

"It's her—the girl I found in the wreck," he said. Something seemed to be choking him. His neck muscles twitched and his long, lean fingers were digging into his own flesh.

In an instant Philip was on his feet. He saw nothing of the girl's face, hidden under a mass of hair in which the sun burned like a golden fire. He saw nothing but the crumpled, lifeless form, smothered under the shining mass, and yet in this moment he knew. With a fierce cry he dropped upon his knees and drew away the girl's hair until her lovely face lay revealed to him in a terrible pallor and stillness, and as Billinger stood there, tense and staring, he caught that face close to his breast, and began talking to it as though he had gone mad.

"Isobel—Isobel—Isobel—" he moaned. "My God, my Isobel—"

He had repeated the name a hundred times, when Billinger, who began to understand, put his hand on Philip's shoulder and gave him his water canteen.

"She's not dead, man," he said, as Philip's red eyes glared at him. "Here—water."

"My God—it's strange," almost moaned Philip. "Billinger—you understand—she's going to be my wife—if she lives—"

That was all of the story he told, but Billinger knew what those few words meant.

"She's going to live," he said. "See—there's color coming back into her face—she's breathing." He bathed her face in water, and placed the canteen to her lips.

A moment later Philip bent down and kissed her. "Isobel—my sweetheart—" he whispered.

"We must hurry with her to the water hole," said Billinger, laying a sympathetic hand on Philip's shoulder. "It's the sun. Thank God, nothing has happened to her, Steele. It's the sun—this terrible heat—"

He almost pulled Philip to his feet, and when he had mounted Billinger lifted the girl very gently and gave her to him.

Then, with the agent leading in the trail of the outlaws, they set off at a walk through the sickening sunglare for the water hole in the edge of the Bad Lands.

To Be Continued.

Australia's annual cut of timber averages 16,000,000 superficial feet on Bellinger River alone.

Stray electric currents have been found in Kentucky coal mines sufficiently powerful to explode blasting powder.

SEE 10 MILES For ONLY $1.00

This Powerful Telescope

Shows You What Your Neighbors Are Doing

THERE ARE A THOUSAND USES for this instrument in every home and on every farm or ranch. You can see what your neighbors are doing who live miles away from you. It will bring the remotest part of your farm to your door. You can tell who is in a carriage long before they reach you. You can view and count stock on distant parts of your farm or ranch.

This beautiful Telescope is 45 inches long when opened full length; closed, 12 inches. Heretofore a similar instrument of this kind cost $8 to $10. Brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to keep out dust when not in use. Equipped with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Objects miles away are brought into direct view. F. S. Patton, Kansas, says: "Can count cattle nearly 20 miles. Can see large ranch 17 miles east and can tell colors and count windows in the house."

Watching an Eclipse with the Excelsior Solar Telescope.

Here is the greatest combined source of pleasure, education and practical usefulness that we have ever seen. Everyone is delighted with it and would not take many times the cost of it.

Needed in home, on farm, on land, on sea, on ranch. A source of profit, entertainment, knowledge and fun.

Count Cattle 20 Miles Away

I wish all to know how satisfactory the Excelsior Telescope is. Our farm is on the highest point in the surrounding country. One mile south of the junction of Walnut and Arkansas rivers. From our place we can see with the aid of the Telescope over into the Kansas Indian Reservation nearly 20 miles; count the cattle and tell a horse from a cow; can see a large ranch 17 miles east that cannot be seen with the naked eye; can see the color and count windows with the Telescope.

Again thanking you for a square deal.
I remain, Yours truly, F. G. Patton, Kan.

A Kansas Farmer Counting Stock 20 Miles Away.

POSITIVELY such a good Telescope was never sold for this price before. These Telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe; measure closed, 12 inches, and open over 3½ feet in five sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness.

Use This Coupon

This offer will not appear again. This is your one chance to get this bargain

These telescopes are imported from German manufacturers. They represent the best skill of the old world. Labor there is much cheaper than here, hence the low price at which these wonderful telescopes are able to be sold. We know that a bigger value has never been offered to the American public than this telescope at $1.00.

We guarantee this telescope to be as represented in every way. It is marked for adjustment, so that any one can adjust it to the marks, and by a little practice can regulate the lens for various distances.

Give the boy a telescope. Interest him in the study of the planets. Let him experiment with the lens and reflectors. Some genius some day will harness the sun and with its warm rays, heat our dwellings and generate the steam that runs our factories. It may be your boy if he is given a few ideas now to think about. It certainly is within the limit of possibilities.

The first telescope was made in the 17th century. See the wonderful strides that have been accomplished since that time. It is almost marvelous that an instrument of this kind can be sold as low as $1.00 but it is a fact.

We have scores of testimonials telling us that they will not take $5 to $10 for their instrument, if they could not get another one. They give universal satisfaction. Every one is delighted.

Be the first to own one of these telescopes in your neighborhood. It will be a great source of profit, entertainment, knowledge and fun. This is your one chance. Don't miss it. Send your order at once. Use the coupon in the corner. It will save you writing a letter.

All orders will be promptly filled in order as they are received at our office. You can enclose a $1 bill or send postoffice money order, as you like. If you want your telescope to go by insured mail, add 15c extra. Do it today.

Mason Supply House, 145 W. Ohio St., Chicago

Coupon Order Blank

Mason Supply House
145 West Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed herewith please find $1.00 (15c. extra for insured mail.)

Please send to me one of your telescopes as advertised in the Toledo Weekly Blade, telescope to be as represented in your advertisement, both as to size and quality. I give you my name and full mailing address below.

Name. .....

Post Office .....

Street No.

R. F. D. No. .....*State*.....

$10 A DAY EASY Suit and Outfit FREE

Yes, men, it's true—never before a chance like this to make big money easy! No money—no experience—no salesmanship needed—Elk clothes sell themselves. Our agents coin big money—make $60 a week and more. Let us show you how you can do the same or better.

Sample Outfit Free

Most wonderful display of fashions and patterns ever gotten out. Orders come easy—everybody eager to get these swell clothes, because you save them $5 to $15 on a suit or overcoat and give them values they can't duplicate elsewhere.

We give you a handsome suit FREE! Write at once for amazing free offer and big outfit. Everything absolutely free sent at once express prepaid. Write today Sure!

Elk Tailoring Co.
Dept. 35 Chicago

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6293—Misses' Dress.

A very simple and chic model with plain collars. The blouse is closing in front and three piece skirt with plaited or regulation waistband. Linen, lawn, silk, gingham and other fabrics are appropriate for this style.

The pattern is cut in sizes 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 5 yds. of 36, 4 yds. of 44 or 54 in. material.

6223—Ladies' Dress.

This design is especially good for bordered materials, as the one piece skirt has a straight lower edge. The blouse has the sleeves and body cut in one and both waist and skirt open in the back. Voile, Japanese silk, crepe materials and eponge are used for these dresses.

The dress pattern No. 6223 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4 yds. of 45 in. bordered material, with 1¾ yards of insertion, or 4⅜ yards of 44 in. plain fabric.

6145—Boys' Play Suit.

This consists of a waist and small trousers joined together at the belt. Both fasten in the back and the pattern provides high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Duck, linen or gingham may be used in making.

The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 27-in. material

6249—Ladies' Three Gore Skirt.

A novel model with either tucks or gathers at the back and with a diagonal front opening showing a small slash at the foot. Linen, eponge, ratine, gingham, linen, serge, etc., are suitable materials.

The skirt pattern No. 6249 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 44 inch material.

6144—Ladies' Box Pleated Shirt Waist.

Made with the regulation close closing, with perforations for the tucked facing. The sleeve also has a box pleat set at the wrist. Voile, taffeta, mohaline, poncepercale, linen and the like are suitable for these waists. The waist pattern No. 6146 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¼ yards of 27 inch material.

6311—Girls' Dress.

This little coat suit has a four gore skirt attached to an underwaist and over these a coat blouse, made high in the neck and trimmed with a flat collar and with long or short sleeves.

The pattern is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 3¼ yds. of 36 in. material for the dress and ½ yd. 36 in. wide for the underwaist.

HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

The duchess of Portland, one of England's greatest hostesses, has never tasted wine, tea or coffee.

New York has more telephones than London, Paris and Berlin together.

Germany's common schools had more than 10,000,000 students in 1911.

A machine for drying whey and converting it into powder for food has been invented by a New Yorker.

Keeping the Body in Repair

Nature intended that the body should do its own repairing—and it would do so were it not for the fact that most of us live other than a natural life.

Nature didn't intend that we should wear corsets, tight collars or shoes, nor live in badly ventilated and draughty houses, nor eat and drink some of the things that we do, nor ride in street cars when we should walk.

The consequence is that the body when it gets out of order must look for outside help to make the necessary repairs.

For weak stomachs and the indigestion or dyspepsia resulting, and the multitude of diseases following therefrom, no medicine can be more adaptable as a curative agent than DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This famous Doctor's prescription has been recommended for over 40 years and is today just as big a success. Restores a healthy appetite. Cleanses the blood. Strengthens the nerves. Regulates stomach and liver. Demand the original.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Sold in Liquid or Tablet form by Dealers in Medicines

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only* on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, clothbound. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL **PROFIT SAVED**
Freight Paid On The Celebrated
CENTURY MFG. CO'S **Rubber Roofing**
Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain
WARRANTED FOR 25 YEARS
1-Ply, 35 lbs. 108 square feet, *$1.10* per roll.
2-Ply, 45 lbs. 108 square feet, *1.30* per roll.
3-Ply, 55 lbs. 108 square feet, *1.50* per roll.
Delivered Free to any station east of Rocky Mountains except Tex., Okla., Colo., N.D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on orders of three rolls or more. Special prices to these States on request. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Reference—Southern Illinois Nat'l Bank
Write us for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Terms Cash. Address,
CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO.,
DEPT. 373, East St. Louis, Illinois, or
DEPT. 373, 101 East 4th Ave., Cincinnati, O.

This Beautiful 20 Year Watch $3.75

Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, 7 jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set, 20 year guarantee case with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents Free.

20 Year Guarantee
EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, after you examine it, if you think it is a bargain and equal to any $15.00 watch, pay the express agent our Special price $3.75. Mention Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. Our express agent will deliver. Address
HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 708 CHICAGO, ILL

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Harvest Days

Harvest days are busy days. Nevertheless there are hours when the hard-worked husbandman can find a little time for relaxation. In the rest period he should look over the advertising columns of his favorite paper, that no opportunities get by unnoticed.

Many happy marriages have been solemnized in July.

Never put off until tomorrow the fly you can swat today.

"In the origin of mankind there was no chin." And now some people have two.

Why the superstitious fear of dog days? They can be no worse than cat nights.

Blessed is the woman who can make two cherry pies grow where only one grew before.

To be a success an aviator must have a talent for picking out a soft place to light.

So far congress seems to have done nothing to injure the wheat corp. Corn also is doing well.

In the Gettysburg address that never will be forgotten there are no unnecessary words.

"A five-year-old boy has matriculated at New York University." At 21 he will be an old man.

One thing in favor of woman suffrage is that elections are not held during the canning season.

The time to eat green corn off the cob and enjoy it to the fullest extent is when nobody is looking.

One little, slim-waisted woman can start a rumor, but a regiment of trained soldiers can't stop it.

Everything depends upon relative importance. In a small town a four-story building is a skyscraper.

"Chinese are said to be showing advancement in music." Probably have learned how to crank a phonograph.

There is much in heredity: The son whose parents possess a lot of common sense never rocks the boat.

Women are forging to the front, but it may be a long time before one of them becomes a weather man.

A Frenchman who fought many duels has just died at the age of 83. The elixir of life is discovered at last.

Unlike the tired town man, the farmer can retire early in the evening. He doesn't have to go to the moving picture show.

"A hat has been invented that will fit anybody." Then it will be hard to keep. That is what is wrong with umbrellas, they fit anybody.

One widow announces that she is willing to marry again, but demand a "eugenic husband." But there is no such animal running at large.

A Missouri farmer has succeeded in raising a variety of potatoes without tops. That's one way of driving the bugs over to the neighbor's potato field.

Every national administration should have a White House wedding, when it is possible. The Wilsons are to have one, without exhausting the possibilities.

We have a notion that the old Liberty Bell, which is going to California for the exposition, would be less attractive to people if it were not half cracked.

The good, old-fashioned mother used to do most of her turkey trotting on the way from the pantry to the cook stove, and from the cook stove to the dining table.

Women may think they are wholly self-reliant, but when an army of little red ants invades the pantry they like to have a strong man around to express their thoughts.

We supose that when the crack in the old Liberty Bell first made its appearance there were superstitious persons who accepted it as an omen of evil days for the republic.

The postoffice department has done a great service for the people by permitting them to use ordinary postage stamps on parcel post packages. They will not have such a wide expanse of mucilage to lick.

"If all men did what they are best intended for," says Vice President Marshall, "the world's work could be accomplished in four hours a day." We gather from this that Mr. Marshall is of the opinion that four hours a day is long enough for the vice president of our glorious country to keep his feet on the office desk.

FARMER TALK

Time makes changes in the material of the humorous weeklies, in the things which illustrators draw and the stuff which the people in vaudeville "get off." We are justified then in predicting that a day will come, though perhaps it is far off, when farmer talk will have left the domain of literature and art and be given up even by the stage, which retains a rugged fear of things fresh and innovating.

Therefore, if we would preserve another of the great institutions of this country, we must set about the task of gathering in this farmer talk, writing its grammar and preparing a dictionary of it, to the end that meanings shall not be lost nor pronunciation be misunderstood by the occasional delver in the dusty and forgotten tomes. Down in some lost valley of the Great Smokies there is said to be a people who talk the English of Queen Elizazeth's times. Some equally isolated people might be subsidized to adopt the "by heck" language which, it is said, was once general among American agriculturists and is now general only in the books and the drama. For a price they might misspell according to the difficult scheme of the young Boston men who write dialect stories for the magazines and to pitch their tones to the true nasal wheeze of the vaudeville team.

Farmers don't talk that kind of talk. Perhaps they never did. But it has been employed so long by those who picture the farmer's joys and sorrows and customs that it should not be left to die away as so many fine old Americanisms have died.

THE NEWEST WATER CRAFT.

The hydroplane is so new that the recent supplement of the Century Dictionary describes merely a submarine rudder under that name. An encyclopedia of last year's issue says nothing about it.

So when the spectators crowd the river bank for the hydroplane races of the Perry celebration week, they will behold a form of boat—if it can be called a boat—which has nothing exactly like it among all the devices invented by man to go about in upon the water. The idea of its designers is to skim over the top of the water rather than to drive through it. The faster the machine is run, the easier it is to meet this ideal condition. Indeed, it is said that the contrivance sometimes goes so fast that the craft actually runs out of water, touching only a spot here and there. Like the racing motorboats, the hydroplane is no very joyous thing to ride in. It is wetter than the deck of a hooker in a gale. Upon the turns it kicks up enough waves and spray to hide itself from spectators upon the shore. We have read somewhere that the hydroplane is so jolty and perky that the novice begins to worry lest the motion shake the teeth out of his mouth—which may have been some poor distressed tenderfoot's exaggeration.

The hydroplane races should be among the sights that no one can feel he can afford to miss. They will be worth while if only to show what some men will do for excitement's sake and a prize.

OVERWORKED INVESTIGATION.

Congress having investigated a score or so of trusts, the cost of living, the customs service, peonage, the making of armor plate, a cabinet officer, high finance, the moralities and immoralities of previous administrations and the way in which Illinois elects a senator, it was inevitable that it would some day get around to investigating itself.

When this is over, it might perhaps be a good policy to arrange a sort of protocol in the business of investigating. The country has become somewhat dulled by the steady procession of congressional inquiries, indifferent to them. They don't raise any gooseflesh of horror and indignation by the crimes and abuses they expose. The country just goes working away at its everyday tasks and it is possible it wouldn't give many minutes' consideration to the revelation that all the automobilists were in secret league with the undertakers, or that Jane Addams was no lady. It is weary with government by investigation.

Congressional investigations are, without a doubt, useful institutions—useful sometimes in showing the character and temper and biases of the investigators. But they can be overworked. It would be strange if there are not several congressmen, just at this moment, who will agree with us in this matter.

A COAST-TO-COAST ROAD.

The Lincoln memorial highway scheme, unlike many other proposals of the sort, bids fair to develop into a reality. The promotors report that they have received promises of subscriptions to the amout of $4,200,000 which is very nearly one-half as much as will be required, according to the estimates, to construct a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The value of this highway would not lie entirely in providing the country with a wortav transcontinental road, the first to come after years and years of agitation, lecturing, nagging and pointing-with-shame to the indifferent state of the roads of the nation best able of all to pay for them.

There would be a value in having a highway built by private subscription, thus opening up a new field for philanthropists who are curiously lacking in originality when it comes to distributing their money. Then, too, something would be learned as to how far money will go in road building when private funds to do the building, and the work is under the management of private officers. We can imagine that the results will be considerably surprising to citizens who know as to the costs of roads only when the public pays the charges. We imagine there will be little skimping of the Lincoln highway job. It will not lack for inspectors inasmuch as almost all of the subscribers count upon using the highway themselves.

A SEASON OF ALARMS.

Fifty years ago the people in Ohio and Indiana dropped all interest in the civil war as it was being waged by the larger armies in Virginia, Tennessee and Mississippi. They were tasting the bitterness of war at first hand, experiencing the rival emotions of wild indignation and intensest fright. General John Morgan had crossed the Ohio.

It was on July 7 that Morgan entered Indiana. He had two brigades of cavalry and a battery of light artillery, a force of 4,000 men. His aim was New Lisbon, in Columbiana county, Ohio, and for a time he managed to stick to his plans. But the pursuit was organized quickly. Morgan was compelled to turn northward. Possibly in disappointment, the Morgan raiders sloughed off the few merciful rules of war they recognized and destroyed property at every hand. The Indiana and Ohio towns through which they passed bear today, many of them, the marks of the invasion. In the hope of diverting the chase, the force was divided. But it was of no avail. Part of the command was captured while attempting to recross the Ohio at Bluffington Island on July 19, the rest being gathered in near New Lisbon a week later.

The Morgan raid stands in history as one of the most ill-advised campaigns of the war. The Confederates not only lost a force which was useful to the cause, but they lost by showing the Federal side that dependence was to be placed on the militiamen and home guards, 120,000 of them having turned out in Indiana and Ohio to repel Morgan. Also it had the effect of making the people at home think that any extereme action upon the part of their own soldiery was fully warranted.

AN ADVENTURE GROWN COMMONPLACE.

The men who first attempted to cross the continent by automobile were real pioneers. They had to find the way. They had, indeed, to make roads for themselves where marsh or sand, or the rough boulders of a stream bed had to be negotiated. The account of their experiences was read eagerly by thousands of motorists who hoped some day to follow in their trail. It was read with disgust by others who thought the attempt foolhardy and of no profit to anyone.

Today the transcontinental tour is made without advertisement, without special preparation. The way has been mapped. The good roads are known. There is gasoline at every country store and few villages lack the artisan who can make repairs. Scores of machines are driven from sea to sea every season and it is easy to predict that in a few seasons more there will be hundreds in the transcontinental summer parade.

The significance of this conquest of the automobile is largely lost upon us. What it means is that the motor car is an immensely important factor in breaking up the spirit of sectionalism., binding east to west, putting one part of the country into understanding and sympathy with other parts.

THE REAL CROSS OF GOLD.

Reciting the history of the "Return to Hard Money," in this month's issue of the Century Magazine, Charles Conant says:

The causes that were operating prior to 1892 to cause contraction of the monetary stock were reversed after that date by the great outpouring of new gold from the mines of South Africa and the Klondike. New processes of separating gold from low-grade ores made profitable fields that in earlier years would have been considered unavailable. The gold production of the world rose from $113,000,000 in 1890 to $202,251,000 in 1896 and $454,000,000 in 1910. Gold flowed into the Bank of England in the summer of 1896, even while Mr. Bryan was making his canvass for free silver, to an amount never before received in monetary history; and the beneficent flood soon overflowed the coffers of the advaced commercial nations and filled up the void in metallic money in such developing countries as Argentina, Brazil, Mexico and India. In place of the fear of a scarcity of gold, which hung like a pall over some minds at the close of the last century, such a redundancy of the yellow metal arose that swollen bank reserves stimulated loans at low rates, manufacturing plants were extended and prices of commodities advanced with a rapidity which lessened the purchasing power of wages and threatened to reduce the world to the unfortunate state of Midas, making gold a curse instead of a blessing.

And the gold keeps piling up in the national treasuries and the great banks of the world in spite of battle, strikes and the hoardings of Europeans who dread a prairie fire of war at their own doors. With the exception of the Bank of England, the Bank of Austria and the national banks of the United States, every banking institution of importance in the world holds more gold now than was held in 1912, the aggregate increase being about $255,965,000.

The cross of gold which worried Mr. Bryan in 1896 was the short supply of gold which hampered enterprise, kept wages low, employment uncertain and made it cheaper for the farmers of Iowa to burn their corn than expend the labor and money of marketing it. The cross of gold which worries economists today is the deluge of gold production which reduces the buying value of the wage-earner's income, makes once-comfortable salaries look flabby and eats up the public revenues by bloating the costs of all materials from potatoes to paving stones.

There's one fine thing about building air castles; they don't have to be painted every spring.

HOUSECLEANING.

When such disclosures are made as the dynamite warfare of the McNamaras, the partnership between the New York police on one side and the gunmen and scarlet women on the other, the secret pull of influential men in the department of justice and the seduction of congressmen by the hired hand Mulhall, it makes the honest citizen wonder if his country is not bound straight for the dogs.

But the McNamaras are only a small murderous fanatical lot. The crooked police are only a few men who have in some way got among thousands of policemen who are "straight." The exercise of a pull at Washington is rare now where once it was common. The fellow, Mulhall, and the men who employed him are patterns of scrupulous conduct compared with the Credit Mobilers, Collis Huntington and that lobbyist, McMurray, who, Colonel Watterson says, was so smooth that he could carry a bunch of eels upstairs in his arms and never drop an eel.

It is in recent years only that the country has made a great outcry against the vampires of its social order. The business it is engaged in is that of cleaning house. The country has more conscience today than it had a quarter century ago, is a better country and more honest. It will be better still when that housecleaning is completed.

THE LAKES' GREATEST YEAR

Unless the capers in Wall street should come to affect all the business of the country, the ore trade for the Great Lakes will establish a new high record this season.

The shipment of 46,303,000 tons of ore last year made a mark with which vessel-owners would have been content to rest for a few seasons to come. But the furnaces and mills are more insatiable now than they were in 1912. They are taking all that comes down and shouting for more. The shipments in May were not only the largest of any May in the career of lake navigation, but they were also the largest of any month.

There were prophecies this spring of a fifty-million ton year. After the showing of May, the forecasters have raised the figure to fifty-five million, or nearly ten million more tons than were brought down last year. This increase alone would be equal to the entire tonnage which passed through the Soo locks in 1891, and something better.

Perhaps it will be better understood what the iron ore shipping trade amounts to when we say that the handling of 55 million tons means nearly three times as much tonnage as enters the port of London in a year, that is more than twice as much tonnage as New York reports in a year and exceeds the tonnage of New York and Antwerp—the leading seaports of the world—put together.

TRUST AND SHIPS.

There is a lesson for American public servants now tinkering with the trust problem in the firmness of the German owners of the steamer Imperator, now on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic.

When the Titanic went down, the cry was raised that the limit of size for steamships had been passed. The disaster, of course, was not due to the bigness of the vessel, but to the way in which she was navigated.

It is that way with the great corporations. The wrongs they do, the evils they create, are not to be charged to the fact that they are of extraordinary size compared with the industrial enterprises of former years. The evils are to be charged to the manner in which the trusts are run. The only hint as to the administration's attitude toward the trusts is that of judging them not by their misconduct, but by their mass. They are to be condemned according to their cubic contents.

The Imperator is good for many useful years if she is properly navigated. The big American corporations will not fail of usefulness to the country if the country sees to it that they are run cleanly and honestly.

THE POWER THAT FAILED.

With the certain defeat of the Turks, experts at European politics began to see the looming figure of a new power—a confederacy which would rule over southeastern Europe and take away from the big bully nations the authority to say what could and what should be done in that region.

Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro and Greece, acting in concert in diplomatic matters, facing the world with a combined veteran army and strong with the confidence of victory, might have told the other powers that their work was done. Henceforth the Balkan Union would administer affairs in the Balkans without help and without patience with meddlers.

The promise of the new power has withered. The victors could not agree upon the division of the spoils. There is now nothing in the prospect to worry the big bully nations. Some day it may come out that they fixed it that way.

AN OLD WARRIOR.

The threat of a congressional investigation of the great industrial combination he had promoted and of a suit of dissolution to follow could not persuade J. Pierpont Morgan to employ the lawyer who, he was assured, could have prevented both. Rather than come personally into contact with the man he disliked and probably mistrusted he took the chance of suffering inquisition on the stand, loss of prestige and irreparable damage to the securities from which he derived his income.

Folk are not through saying ill things about the Big Man of finance. No doubt a lot of the things said are true. But it can never truthfully be charged that Morgan had a streak of cowardice in him.

Sunday School

THE VOICE A MAN HEARS

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 20 Is, "Moses Called to Deliver Israel. Ex. 3:1 to 4:20.

By William T. Ellis.

The favorite figure in paintings and in sculpture is that of Joan of Arc listening to the voices that called her to deliver France. Art has done wonderfully well in portraying this spiritually sensitive being who had that first qualification of a prophet, alertness to her own time and its need.

Prosperity brings many disadvantages, but none other so serious as the grossness of soul which is deaf to the deeper voices of life. Sometimes it seems as if the price many men in this new world are paying for their rapid and remarkable material success is that their souls have grown callous to the finer spiritual impressions. We remember how Darwin lamented that his engrossment in science had destroyed entirely his appreciation of poetry. A friend tells of the tragic agony of Mr. Huxley as, after discussing that man's spiritual experience, he passionately declared that he would gladly have his right arm cut off if he could but know such experiences for himself.

This man Moses, who is at present the center of Sunday School interest, had his life attuned to the deeper notes. He was a fine-fibred, sensitive spirit. To him it meant more to be true to God than to win high place among men and to command the luxuries of wealth. The Godward windows of his soul were ever open. He had that fundamental quality of great leadership, spiritual sensitiveness.

An Apprenticeship in Greatness.

One of the not uncommon contradictions of history is this picture with which our story opens, of Moses, the adopted prince, the university-bred man, a favorite figure in the court of the Pharaohs, herding sheep like a despised Semite. From one viewpoint no work could be more monotonous and deadening than this. Any boy can tend sheep. On the other hand, to the great soul no opportunity for self-examination, for philosophical reflection and for kinship with nature is greater than this one of living apart from people with the gentle sheep. We recall another who named himself "The Good Shepherd."

Moses had been a heady personality, and it was steadying for him to be in subjection to Jethro, his father-in-law. He learned the great lessons of discipline in this school of subordination and obedience. Every boy who is taught this Sunday School lesson should be given a clear view of Moses with the sheep. The college boys who last month left the halls of learning to go under some yoke of drudgery were but continuing their essential education. Yokes are good for all who would wear crowns. The newspapers a few days ago reported the Prince of Wales as out in camp with his fellow students, undergoing hard marches and captured in a sham battle, while on duty as a scout. The wise British way has thus established the route to the throne through many forms of routine service.

There is more to it than mere discipline. Great calls come to us while we are about life's common ways. Angels appear when we are engaged in our everyday work, even as it was with Moses. The best trysting place with God is the scene of our daily labor. Most of us are seeking for happiness afar, when happiness is a flower that blooms in home gardens, where men and women toil in common ways. As Henry van Dyke says, in his "Toiling of Felix:"

"Where the many toil together, there
am I among my own;
Where the tired workman sleepth, there
am I with him alone.

"I, the Peace that passeth knowledge,
dwell amid the daily strife;
I, the Bread of Heaven, am broken in
the sacrament of life.

"Thou hast learned the open secret;
thou hast come to Me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labor, thou art
Felix, doubly blest.

"Nevermore thou needest seek me; I
am with thee everywhere;
"Raise the stone, and thou shalt find
me; cleave the wood, and I am
there.'"

The Voice Out of the Fire.

I once watched a man in the throes of a political decision. The position concerned was a minor one, but the man wanted to do the politic thing that would help his future. He was torn between contending claims and courses. His anxiety was pitiable and ludicrous. It would have been so much simpler and worthier to have tried to do merely what was right. Duty's path is oftenest straight and clear. Moses on the mount of decision, when summoned by the voice of the Creator, answered instantly, "Here am I." His reply was as natural and instinctive as the "Aye, Aye, Sir" of the sailor.

The message that the wondering ears of the shepherd prophet listened to was that God had heard and seen the affliction of his people in Egypt. "I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them * * * Behold the cry of the children of Israel is come unto me; moreover I have seen the oppression wherewith the Egyptians oppress them." God is not heedless of human injustice. "The mills of God grind slowly"—but they never cease to grind. For long generations the persecuted Christians of Macedonia cried to Him for succor. In the fullness of time He has answered them. For ages children and women have toiled and been overburdened by taskmasters like unto Egypt, but God's ear has been open, and we are now in the day of their deliverance.

To hold this faith is one thing; to be willing to make it effective is quite another. Many of us believe that injustices should be remedied, politics purified, and the church magnified, but we cannot quite see where the burden is laid upon us. "God's commands are God's enablings." This month celebrates a hundred years of American Baptist missions, freighted with heroic lives and messages, and it recalls the famous motto of that earlier British Baptist missionary, William Carey. "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God."

This was the message to Moses out of the bush. At the moment he was not ready for it, nor equal to it. He had turned his eyes away from God and was loking at Moses and at Pharaoh, and no man who considers only himself is qualified to do any great work. We shall see that Moses' mistaken caution cost him a priceless privilege.

The Great Debate.

The dialogue in the lesson story is more than interesting. Moses shrank from the great task offered to him by Jehovah of delivering the people from their bondage. He interposed objection after objection.

"Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth the Children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Swiftly and sufficiently comes the answer, "Certainly I will be with thee." That is equipment enough.

Fearful that he had not adequate credentials, Moses objects that the people of Israel will demand of him concerning God, "What is his name; what shall I say unto them?"

The mighty and mysterious, I AM THAT I AM" was given as the sufficient password. That was the covenant name of Jehovah and the faithful among the Children of Israel would count it sufficient.

"But, behold, they will not believe me nor harken unto my voice; for they will say, Jehovah hath not appeared unto thee," objects Moses.

Patiently as a kindergarten teacher with a stupid child, the Lord gave Moses a two-fold object lesson. The shepherd's rod in his hand became a serpent. Then his hand thrust into his bosom was leprous when withdrawn, and restored when put into his bosom again. It was promised that water should become blood at his command.

"O, Lord, I am not eloquent * * * for I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue," cried Moses.

There is a flavor of sharpness in the rejoiner, "Who hath made man's mouth * * * I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt speak."

Still Moses, with the apparent modesty which was fundamental egotism, protested his unfitness. It is not self-assurance to step out on the promises of God for great service. Moses protested too much. Jehovah, in indignation, took Moses at his own word, even as a multitude of us who have failed to serve our God and our time have been accepted at our own miserable self-appraisal. We are not, and we do not, because we would not. Instead of Moses, Aaron was substituted as the voice of God. To Moses was lost the privilege of being the spokesman of heaven in the greatest transaction of history, until the Son of Man himself should appear.

The lesson of the lesson is that when God speaks, swift, obedient answer should be made. Every true disciple of God should be able to say with Paul, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." The highest development of life comes by following God's summons. As Tennyson puts it in "Merlin and the Gleam,"

"O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam."

Roads and the Cost of Living

Suburban Life Magazine.

Until very recently the vast majority of people failed to understand that the good road is not a mere country dweller's convenience, or the means to motorists' pleasure, but that it is an actual economical necessity. That it costs the farmers of the country more for a 10-mile haul of produce from farm to town than it does to ship that produce from New York to London, is a fact. That it costs farmers abroad from one-half to one-tenth as much to haul a ton a mile on a road as it does the farmers of this country, is another fact. That practically every pound of flesh and bushel of wheat we consume must travel over a road at least once and sometimes twice before we eat it, is a third fact. The three are the answer to one part of the question, "Why does it cost so much to live?" Some one has to pay for the expensive hauling. Some one has to pay for the depreciation in the value of horses and vehicles caused by poor roads. Some one has to pay for the extra time it takes to haul cotton to market, when two mules are required to haul two bales 10 miles in one day when on a good road the same two mules could haul 24 miles in the same time with the same effort.

A Poem Worth While

The Song of the Sons of Esau

Ye smooth-faced sons of Jacob, hug
close your ingleside;
Guard well the market in its wealth,
the palace in its pride!
Oh, blithe it is to wander, and the
world is wide!

Hard straining at the cables, the captive vessels ride;
Haul up the prisoning anchor, swing
out upon the tide!
Oh, grandly fills the canvas, and the
sea is wide!

Mysterious spreads the forest, where
strange, shy creatures bide;
Within its dim remoteness, who knows
what wonders hide?
Oh, softly step the wild things, and
the jungle's wide.

Across the stretching desert the tireless camels stride,
The scorching sun above them, the
scorching sands beside.
Oh, steady swing the camels, and the
plain is wide!

Through leagues on leagues of ice fields the time-old glaciers slide
Across the drifted valley, from drifted
mountainside.
Oh, keenly stings the Northwind, and
the snow is wide!

It is our weird to wander, whatever
fate betide;
We seek the vast far places, nor trail
nor chart to guide.
The restlessness is on us, and the
world is wide!

Oh, canny sons of Jacob, to fret and
toiling tied,
We grudge you not the birthright for
which your father lied!
We own the right of roaming, and
the world is wide!

For you the pomp and power, prosperity and pride;
For us the happy wilderness, and not
a care to chide.
To give us room to wander was the
world made wide.

—Bertha Brooks Runkle

The Entertainers

World's Work.

IT has been roughly estimated that 10 per cent. of us, the people of the United States, keep busy and earn our living by amusing the other 90 per cent. This 10 per cent. includes those who do the actual work of amusing-singers in grand opera, light opera, concert; actors in the "legitimate" theaters, in vaudeville, in burlesque, in small shows; performers in the various departments of the innumerable circuses, carnivals, street fairs; baseball players, football players, basketball players, automobile racers, aviators, boxers, innumerable exponents of innumerable forms of professional athletics and professional sports.

It includes also the people who promote these amusements; who incorporate companies and manufacture devices to be used in amusing-film companies with armies of employes in the moving picture field, for example: the people in their large office forces; the people who manage and direct theaters, amusement parks, race courses, athletic fields, etc.; stage hands, mechanicians, electricians and employes in countless other ramifications of the general business of amusements.

It includes those who originate schemes of entertainment, those who finance them, those who manage them, those who execute them, those press agents, advance men, sign painters, "spielers," "backers," etc., who advertise them and draw the attention of the rest of us—the patrons who comprise the other 90 per cent.

In the Yellowish Mountains.

New York Mail.

Speaking of geography, do you know where Mount Sir Sandford is? It is in the Selkirk Range, in British Columbia. Outing says it is "among the most majestic and most beautiful mountains in the Rockies and Selkirks." Nine separate climbing parties have been baffled in the attempt to reach Sir Sandford's summit. Even as a preliminary to an attempt to climb it, your equipment has to be carried on human shoulders for a week. But "Mount Sir Sandford!" It is a vile name for a noble mountain. Not far away is "Mount Sir Donald." Do they bestow cheap titles on all their mountains in the Canadian Northwest? What have the poor mountains ever done that they should be subjected to such an indignity? The Canadians have also Mount Brown and British Africa has Mount Smith; but either of these is nobly named in comparison with Mount Sir Sandford and Mount Sir Donald.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN; by Ludovic Halevy.

Copyright, 1913, by the Press Publishing Co.

THE old Abbe Constantin was as nearly unhappy as ever he permitted himself to be. His sorrow was not for himself, but for his poor. From youth he had been priest of the lazy riverside French village that nestled around the castle of Longueval.

The great folk of the castle had not been very rich. But they had done what they could for the village poor. And the Abbe had been their agent in alleviating poverty and distress.

But now all the Longuevals were dead or had left the neighborhood. And the castle and the estates had just been bought by Mrs. Scott, an American multi-millionaire.

The Abbe knew he could not expect an American stranger to be interested in his little church and his beloved poor. He looked forward to a period of unrelieved poverty and distress among the villagers. And his gentle heart was heavy within him.

While he sat in his cottage garden talking over the sad state of affairs with his godson, Lieut. Jean Reynaud, two young and beautiful women entered the garden and came toward him. The elder of the two visitors introduced herself as Mrs. Scott and her companion as "my sister, Miss Bettina Percival."

The newcomers speedily won the old priest's heart by their keen interest in everything that pertained to the village. Mrs. Scott, on leaving the cottage, gave him $200, promised to keep up the church and to send the overjoyed Abbe $100 a month for his poor—a larger sum than he had ever seen at one time. His only fear was that there would not be enough applicants for so much money.

Meantime, Bettina and young Jean Reynaud, during the single visit, had begun to take an unwonted interest in each other. In fact, when Bettina went away from the cottage she carried away Jean's heart with her; and she left her own in exchange. It was love at first sight for both.

Being so rich, as well as beautiful, Bettina had scores of suitors, both in New York and in France. Some of them had loved her. Others had loved her huge fortune. Some had been adventurers. Others were noblemen. One was a prince. But she had never been in love until she met Jean Reynaud.

This same love made Jean profoundly miserable. He was not a fortune hunter; but a clean, honorable young fellow. He was penniless except for his meagre pay as a lieutenant. And he was without prospects. He knew he had no right to ask a rich woman to marry him. And he resolved to see Bettina no more.

But the girl found means of arranging many meetings between Jean and herself, both at the castle and elsewhere. And daily their love grew stronger. Bettina told her sister the secret. And Mrs. Scott, after the first pang of disappointment that Bettina would thus lose a chance of marrying a prince, heartily approved of the match.

But Jean would not speak his love. Instead, he tried to avoid Miss Percival. Bettina understood why. She knew he would not propose to her. And she could not very well propose to him. There was a deadlock. But her clever brain hit at last upon a solution of the problem.

One day, as Jean was at the Abbe's cottage, telling of the hopelessness of his love and receiving what consolation the kindly priest could offer him, Bettina Percival entered the room. Addressing the Abbe she announced that she had come to make a confession to him; but that hers was a public confession; so that Jean need not go away while it was in progress.

Before either of the men could interrupt, she confessed very prettily to the Abbe that she loved Jean Reynaud and that she would marry him or stay forever single.

"Jean," gravely commanded the Abbe Constantin, as his godson stood mute and trembling with incredulous joy. "Marry her. It is both your duty and your happiness.

A month later, the Abbe officiated at quite the most sumptuous and wonderful wedding in all his experience; the wedding of his godson, Jean Reynaud, to the American girl, Bettina Percival.

VARIETIES

There are 3,876,196 Christians in India in a population of 315,132,2[illegible]

Chicago is to have a training school for suffragist speakers.

Electrically driven wine presses are coming into use in France.

Extensive deposits of high grade coal have been discovered in southern Nigeria.

G. A. Rick of Reading, Pa., has a 50-acre farm for his 20,000 chickens.

Ohio produced more than 42 per cent of pottery made in the United States last year

Last year the Pennsylvania railroad carried 101,755,061 passengers with only four fatalities.

Of the 50,000 cab horses in Paris 12 years ago, only about 7,000 remain.

Paris underground electric railroads are now carrying more than 400,000,000 passengers a year.

A concrete keg, said to be almost indestructible, has been patented by a Wisconsin inventor.

A Chicago artist has discovered that he can satisfactorily mix paints at night by wearing violet tinted spectacles.

A German scientist has produced coal from several substances by submitting them to intense heat under pressure.

The employes of the treasury department of the United States government number more than 11,[illegible] persons.

The original forests of the United States contained timber in quantity and variety far exceeding that found on any similar tract in the world.

The administration office of Northwestern university, undertaking to prove in dollars and cents the value of a university education, finds it to be aproximately $25,000.

German builders have announced that they will place on the market an oil burning engine of the marine type that will develop four thousand horse power with a single cylinder.

Bhabar grass grows in great quantities throughout India and extending into Afghanistan. It is extremely fibrous and strong, and as a paper pulp material now holds first place in India.

An English engineer proposes to defend his country in event of war by suspending bombs from balloons which could be exploded from the ground when approached by a hostile dirigible or aeroplane.

Marseilles annually exports about $10,000,000 worth of cocoanut butter, the business having been developed since 1897. Most of it goes to England, Holland and Scandanavia.

The earliest attempt at sewing machinery of which there is any atlentic record was in 1775, in which year a machine was patented in England by Charles F. Weisenthal.

A farm of 160 acres has been deeded to the schools of Paoli, Ky. Money from the farm is used to buy books, clothing, etc., for boys and girls who wish a high school education, but cannot afford it.

In a French competition for $10,000 in prizes for the greatest investigations for safety in aviation, a Nova Scotia inventor will enter a parachute folded on the tail of an aeroplane and attached to an aviator by harness.

Queen Alexandra is the most expert photographer among royalists. She has some ten thousand photographs of her own taking, carefully described and numbered. As most people remember, she published a book of views some years ago.

Egyptian stamps are peculiarly expressive of the history of the country which they represent. The pyramids, the mystic Sphinx, tall palm trees outlined against the night sky, a train of camels stopping to drink from the river Nile, all are represented.

Al Broden, superintendent of the Reading (Pa.) iron company, has been honored by the king of Sweden with a decoration of knighthood in recognition of his work in strengthening the international friendship between the countries.

Rubber shipments from federated Malay states in January totaled 4,[illegible] pounds—100 per cent increase over January, 1912. Consul-General Cunningham says further monthly increases are anticipated, with the many young plantations coming into bearing.

The late King Edward was very proud of his collection of walking sticks, of which he had hundreds. Two of the most interesting were made from a pile that had centuries ago supported old London bridge, another from the famous Boscobel oak, in which the prince who was afterward Charles II., once hid from Cromwell's soldiers.

Bill Nye was once introduced to Wagner, the composer. In Then and Now Dean Hole relates: "Nye, the American humorist, brilliant as the best, whose comedy never fails in charm, and whose tragic death I shall never cease to mourn, told me that when he met Wagner he said to him, 'Your music is beyond my comprehension, but I always feel sure when I hear it that it is really much better than it sounds.'"

"Going to the dogs" comes from the east, where dogs are scavengers of the streets, and become so unclean as to be unfit to touch; while the expression "Tell it to the marines," used to show disbelief in the truth of a story, arose from the fact that when the marines first went afloat they were naturally rather "green" concerning nautical affairs, and some one who related a very tall yarn was told to "tell it to the marines," the idea being that they could be more easily gulled.

A well known authority of dietetics has recently taken to urging his patients to indulge in quantities of wheat bran, which, he says, is one of the best regulators and builders in the whole list of foods. It is a mistake for persons to turn up their noses at bran as an article of food because it is cheap. If it were put up in fancy boxes and marked up in price to a point where it would be regarded as more or less a luxury there would be a great demand for more of it consumed, for it has a number of health-giving qualities which recommend it to all ages and conditions.

Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," who died a few months ago, has been put forward as the very worst writer that ever lived. The secretary of a literary society once invited him to attend a banquet and received no answer, of which no one could decipher a word. He wrote again to the point, stating the difficulty, and suggested that, in replying, he should make a cross at the foot of his letter if he was coming and a circle of he could not be present. Miller complied with the request, but no body could decide the mark he made was intended for a circle or a cross.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE LAUNCH-OUT CLUB

By Martha Holden.

The Launch-Out Club was comfortably planned in the moonlight amid the fragrance of rose and honeysuckle, but its work was of quite another quality, destined to be achieved sometimes wearily, sometimes successfully in summer's heat and winter's cold.

Rachel Gray gave good suggestions, but the women of Ruth Cole's circle found that they must evolve for their problems, a working system of their own.

Their first care was for the Garvers, how to make life better to these apparently ill-starred waifs, whose father and mother were not equal to their rearing.

"We must help the parents through the children," declared Mrs. Traxler, and she asked the loan of Lizzie, the eldest girl, for a month in her tidy home. The Garvers were glad of the small wage that Lizzie brought in each week, but the lessons in cleanliness taught their child were their greatest boon.

"I've bought you a fly-swatter, ma," Lizzie announced, as she visited the dingy little house, after her first week. "Let's kill 'em off the table; Mis' Traxler says their crawlin' over the food poisons it." Mrs. Garver was fortunately, a submissive soul. She did not say that flies had swarmed upon them harmlessly for years, but "swatted" to please Lizzie; and now detests the sight of a filthy fly in her house.

Willie Garver, the twelve-year-old son, was engaged for work by the Brischs. Mr. Brisch taught him to care for the farm implements, showed him the need of order, by putting things in their proper places at the end of the day's work; showed him the need of a clean body by setting him the example of a bath at the day's end; and inspired him with the need of a clean mind, by permitting no profanity or loose stories among the men who helped in the fields.

To Ruth Cole fell the oversight of dainty, brown-eyed Lucy Garver, one of those dream children of a great family, who crave by nature the refinements and luxuries of life. Lucy was invited to visit Ruth at various times during the summer. She was ten years old, small and sensitively pretty, with masses of gold brown hair.

Ruth taught her how to care for it and gave her some bright ribbons.

"I love ribbons," said the child delightfully, "and I'll fold them up every time I take them off and keep them fresh to show mamma."

Lucy loved color in everything, noted it in the sunsets, and in the sparkling jellies that Ruth was preparing.

She liked pictures, and Ruth helped her make a scrap book which included post cards, and color reprints of some of the world's great paintings, Madonnas by Raphael and Rembrandt portraits.

Her love of poetry, Ruth stimulated by readings from Longfellow, Whittier and Tennyson, and little Lucy memorized "The Building of the Ship," "The Psalm of Life," "Maud Muller" and Bryant's "Ode to a Water Fowl."

The work with the Garvers repaid the club members, for they were bright, winsome children, and almost immediately their progress carried an influence to the parents.

Through the training which little James Garver received at the hands of Mrs. Nesbit, his father came to have a new idea of thrift and of saving. That is another story, and covers a period of years.

The Launch-Outs did not have happy, immediate results with the shanty dwellers. Certain of these children thieved, they lied, they were all-round bad citizens—but the club members persisted, and are still persisting.

"After all," said Mrs. Brisch, at a meeting at her home the other day, "the best thing we've done has been for ourselves. Think what an interest it has given us. I notice all the birds along the roadside now, since the week we had the city children out here. I had to learn their names to tell them.

"I'm more careful about my own looks than I was before the ten little Murphy girls stayed with us a week," said hearty but easy going Mrs. Trent. "I never think of going downstairs to get breakfast now without my hair combed, and my finger nails cleaned. Those little girls imitated every move I made, and I had to look out."

"The boys' Patriotic Club is the branch of the Launch Club that is helping me," said Alice Brisch. "I'm learning more United States history telling stories of our war heroes to those boys, and I had to learn the flag salute before I could teach them. I tell you, I'm getting in shape to be an intelligent voter, I am."

"The real value of it all," said Mrs. Mehitable Brown, "we're kinder to each other, and more careful about what we say.

"We're all trying to help those children every minute, and that keeps us a lot more decent in our speech."

"I like the Launch-Out Club," said Mrs. Traxler, "because it's always new. Here we've been working only a year, and we've found something new to do every day. What'll it be ten years from now? Last week my poet's class studied Robert Louis Stevenson. Ever since I've been saying over to myself, 'The world is so full of a number of things,
I think we should all be as happy as kings.'"

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Now is the time, ah! friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around, whose lives are now so dear.
They may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time!

Our Correspondents

Will you please print in the columns of the Peace Page how a girl of 14 should comb her hair and how long her dresses should be?

A girl of 14 may wear her hair in braids, or curls, tied low wwith broad ribbons. She should not put it up before she is 16, and if she is small and it is becoming dressed girlishly, the longer she wears it down the better. She has to wear it as a woman so many years. Girls are wearing their dresses longer this season. Three inches from the ground is a fashionable length.—M. H.

I want to thank the kind readers of The Blade for their kindness shown my son Clyde T. Farrell during his long spell of sickness by sending him books, pictures and beautiful post cards, which have been very much enjoyed. Anyone wishing to write to him may address Clyde T. Farrell, Raleigh, N. C., care Rex Hospital. When Clyde gets able to come home I will notify The Blade so that those wishing to write him can address him at Pittsboro, N. C., R. F. D. No. 1.—Paul T. Farrell.

OUR COOK BOOK

Canning Corn and Peas.—Canned Corn: Husk and rub off all the silk; cut (not too closely), from the cob, and scrape all the pulp from the cob with the back of the knife; fill the cans and with a wooden potato masher handle frequently; press it down till the milk appears on top; fill the cans brim full and if well packed it will not shrink. Wrap each can in a cloth and set on a little board that covers the bottom of the wash boiler. Then pour in cold water to come a little more than half way up the sides of the cans; have the covers all placed, but not quite tight, say one turn less than tight. Then boil four hours; add water to boiler as it boils away; after four hours screw the can tight and leave it upside down till cold in that water.

Canned Peas—Prepare as if for the table and scald 10 minutes in salted water; then drain and throw away that water; fillI the cans full of peas, also a teaspoonful of sugar, ½ teaspoon of salt to each can, then fill to overflowing with water from the teakettle; serve the cans same as for the corn, only boil the peas 2½ hours, seal tight and let stand in the boiler until cold. Wrap the cans in paper in putting away, to exclude the light.—Just Plain Mary.

Knickerbocker Pudding.—Boil one cupful of rice in one and a half quarts of milk until milk is entirely absorbed; stir occasionally. Remove from the fire and while hot add the yolks of three eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg. Mix well together, put in a well buttered earthen dish and set aside to cool. Shortly before using beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually nine tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. Pour the whole over the pudding, and set in the oven a few minutes till a light brown.

First Woman Game Warden

Miss Norma F. Gibboney, a society girl of Mobile, who is a nature lover, is the only woman game warden in America. She was recently appointed at her own request so that she could protect the birds in her home place. Miss Gibboney has traveled extensively and is a crack shot. She has made a special study of game birds and has stocked her district with several rare varieties. Pretty and wealthy, Miss Gibboney would rather spend her time protecting her favorite birds from reckless slaughter than she would in social frivolities.

The Deadly Fly

Recent issues of the medical journals have devoted much space to literature on the fly and its menace to health, and a vigorous campaign has been started against the pest.

Once flies were considered merely a nuisance, but since science began delving successfully for causes of the ills that afflict mankind it has been discovered that they were the carriers of disease germs and primarily responsible for many of the fevers that are deadly during the summer months. In the interest of health it therefore becomes important to devise means of eliminating flies or reducing their number by as many millions as possible.

Screens and due attention to the flies that manage to force entry to the house afford protection, but the greatest safeguarding of health in general lies in preventing the pests from breeding. When it is realized that the descendants of a single fly number more than 1,000,000 during a season it will be readily understood that systematic effort to keep eggs from hatching can accomplish a great deal. Experts state that 98 per cent of the eggs are laid in stable manure and 2 per cent in garbage and other filth. The period of incubation is 10 days. Among methods of prevention suggested are the spading of the stable refuse into the ground every day and placing the refuse in pits covered so as to make them inaccessible to flies.

The campaign against mosquitoes has driven yellow fever out of cities where it formerly reaped a yearly harvest, and has rendered remote the probability of that disease in this country. A vigorous war against the house fly is the next thing in order.

It does not require Dr. Howard's statistics about the multiplying powers of the house fly to demonstrate the necessity of starting early in the campaign against this nuisance. Better results can be accomplished right now, and henceforward through the spring, than by a spasmodic fight against the fly in the summer time. For purposes of illustration it was set forth that the killing of one fly cut off more than 5,000,000,000,000 descendants. Or, to state it otherwise, with a single swing of a folded newspaper the process of infesting the neighborhood with five trillion flies was stopped. This gives an idea of what one fly means early in the year. Every one killed now is a greater gain toward sanitation than hundreds killed in June or thousands killed in August. In a competition were organized at this time, each fly reported dead would be worth more to the contestants than a thousand times as many six months from now.

The fact that 7,000,000 flies were killed last summer in the "Swat-the-Fly" crusade does not guarantee a flyless city this season. It helped, of course, and the city is cleaner and healthier in consequence, and there will be fewer flies this spring. What is needed now is a follow-up fight against the survivors and their progeny. The flyless city will come as a result chiefly of springtime work, and this will be a good year to start it. For the present the thing to do is to watch for the flies, kill them whenever they are seen, and at the first opportunity clean out the trash from cellars and yards, and above all to screen all stable pits and thus deprive the fly of its most effective breeding places.

Put in your house screens. Keep out the flies and thus protect your own home.—Anti-Fly Crusade.

Lucile Hall, Jamestown, Ark., is an orphan child, who says her pet is her little cousin, 2 years old. He calls her sister.

POETS' CORNER

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

A good wife rose from her bed one one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread
Of the pile of clothes to be washed and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and, coming her,
He smiled, and, stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Woods has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love—
It's not strange the maids will wed!"

EACH HAS A WORK TO DO

Exchange.

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day;
Each little river drops impulse and sway,
Feather and flower and songlet help too.

Each little child can some work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

THE LITTLE BROWN BULBS

Delineator.

The little brown bulbs went to sleep in the ground,
In their little brown nighties they slept very sound;
And Winter he raged and he roared overhead,
But never a bulb turned over in bed.

But when Spring came tripping over the lea,
Her finger on lip, as still as could be,
The little brown bulbs, at her very first tread,
All split up their nighties and got out of bed!

THE POETRY OF EARTH

By Louis Untermeyer.

Something impelled her from the hearth,
Whispers and winds drew her along;
But still, unconscious of the earth,
She read her book of golden Song.

Old longings stirred her as she read
Of wonders gradually unfurled,
Of glories gone, but never dead,
And Beauty that redeemed the world.

"O Songs," she sighed, "your world
My own holds no such lovely things;
No glow, no magic anywhere—"
And then, a start—a flash of wings—

And, with the rush of surging seas,
Over her swept the world's replies:
The lyric hills, the buoyant breeze,
And all the sudden-singing skies!

COLUMBUS

By Joaquin Miller.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now, speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

A MEMORY

Katharine Tynan, McClure's Magazine.

This is just the weather, a wet May day and blowing,
All the shining, shimmering leaves tossing low and high,
When my father used to say: 'Twill be great mowing!
God's weather's good weather, be it wet or dry."

Blue were his eyes and his cheeks were so ruddy,
He was out in all weathers, up and down the farm;
With the pleasant smile and the word for a wet body:
"Sure, the weather's God's weather—who can take harm?"

With a happy word he'd silence all repining
While the hay lay wet in field and the cattle died,
When the rain rained hard every day and no sun was shining:
"Ah, well, God is good," he'd say, even while he sighed.

In the parched summer, with the corn not worth saving,
Every field bare as your hand the beasts to feed,
Still he kept his heart up when other folks were raving:
"God will send the fodder; 'tis He that knows the need."

A wet May, a wild May; he used to rise up cheery
In the gray of the morning for market and for fair.
Now he sleeps the whole year long, though days be bright, be dreary.
In God's weather that's good weather he sleeps without a care.

Now 'tis just the weather, a wild May and weeping—
How the blackbird sang and sang 'mid the tossing leaves—
When my father used to say: 'Twill be the great reaping;
God send fine weather to carry home the sheaves!"

TOYLAND

Eugene Field.

And how do you get to Toyland?
To all little people the joyland!
Just follow your nose
And go on tiptoes,
It's only a minute to Toyland.

And ho! but it's gay in Toyland,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy land.
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite,
You'll meet on the highways in Toyland.

Society's fine in Toyland,
The dollies all think it a joyland;
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark,
And tin soldiers regulate Toyland.

There's fun all the year in Toyland,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy land;
And steamers are run
And steam cars for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toyland.

Bold jumping jacks thrive in Toyland;
Fine castles adorn this joyland;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toyland.

How long do you live in Toyland?
This bright, merry girl-and-boy land.
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-bye forever, to Toyland.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

A PUZZLE

I have been thinking I would write a letter to the Peace Page for some time. I am a boy of 55 summers and live on a small farm in Russell county, Virginia, on the waters of Big Moccasin, between Clinch Mountain and Beartown Mountain. This is a fine country, rich and very fine for blue grass and all kinds of grains. Cattle are raised and shipped from here in great numbers. My hobby is fishing in Big Moccasin creek and hunting squirrels in the mountains. I raise corn, oats and grass and have a fine garden. I dearly love to work in my crops or garden and get right tired and hungry and come in and eat my vegetables and bread and meat of my own raising. I will give the boys and girls of the Peace Page a puzzle, and if no one can work it out I will explain it in my next letter:

I am compelled to plant a grove
To entertain the girl I love;
This curious grove I must compose
Of nineteen trees in nine straight rows;
Five trees in each row I must place
Or never more behold her face:
Ye sons of art, come lend your aid
To satisfy this curious maid.

I will sign my full name and address: J. W. Norman, Hansonville, Va., Route No. 1, Box 79.

AN OHIO MOTHER

I am a mother of four children, two boys and two girls. We (husband and I) promised my father on his death bed to raise our children right; this we are trying to do. I think character is a good foundation, then add all other little helps that you can. I am not very strong and my nerves are bad, but when I remember I am a descendant of Grandmother Adams, who came over in the Mayflower, I can feel the strength and courage of that noble little company who braced all dangers to worship as their conscience dictated. So the unfaltering faith of those who love God never fails.—Ohio Mother.

AN INTELLIGENT VOTER

I used to read The Blade years ago when Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke) made its pages famous, and later when Emily Bouton edited the Household page. I lived in Kansas then and occasionally wrote poems for the children's page, but that was more than 20 years ago and I do not see any of the names with which I was faimiliar in those days on the Peace Page of today. Nevertheless, I find enjoyment in reading the many letters from the numerous family of contributors, though the names of old friends do not appear. I have read the letters on equal suffrage with interest and always feel sorry when I find a woman opposing it. I had the privilege of voting today for mayor, auditor and four commissioners under the new commission charter and I neglected no duty, either. Here is wishing the old Blade success and all its readers the blessings of God that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.—Leamah Lee, Oregon.

TO HEAR FROM TEACHERS

We take lots of papers, but the Blade seems to be one of our best friends. Best of all is the Peace Page. The letters of the M. G. R.'s and Cozy Corner could not be beaten (at least I think so). Do any of you like schoolteaching? I do. I think there is nothing more noble, unless it is the preaching of the Gospel. I would like to hear from all the teachers through the Blade.—Bertha from W. Va.

NEED OF HIGHER THOUGHT

National works are viewed in two ways. The average person considers nature in the sense of present worth and commercial value only and overlooks the aesthetic and indirect influences of nature's varied products. It is only a few who have developed the second sight power of aesthetic discernment that realize the true value of trees, birds and natural works. The want of such realization is seen everywhere. For if we were aesthetically elevated the cruelties of sporting would cease; instead of treeless fields and deforestation there would be the natural charm of woodland beauty and the cheer of abundant animal life and women would not wear the ornithological proof of man's cruelty on their hats.

It would seem that the agitation in behalf of nature should receive the public's support; for surely some of us love nature. So let everyone who has an interest in rural progress do something in behalf of the conservation of nature's products in the planting of trees, putting up of bird houses, and the protection of useful animal life. Instead of guns and dogs, give the boys seeds, a plot of ground and sound advice; for the youthful mind should be impressed with the sacredness of life and taught to avoid the killing of wild creatures except in cases of necessity. Our schooling should teach us better things than to kill animals for the pleasure of destroying life. The world could be surpassingly beautiful—almost a paradise of varied interest and beauty, if the inclination to destroy were eradicated from human thought. But as long as we prize guns, dogs and cats above the better gifts of nature and place mammon above trees and natural scenery, so long will the rural districts remain despoiled of their charms.—W. E. U., Ohio.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A CREED

Walter Dixon, please move over a little towards Fannie Croaker and give me a seat. Walter, you have a laudable ambition—beat the girls if you can, by any fair means, but don't put them in cans to take them to the fair. Put them in buggies. They will all draw valuable prizes some day—in their own estimation. My creed is: The world is my country, and all peoples are my cousins, and a kind and loving sympathy for all the human family is my religion. Free trade with all countries, nations and peoples is my politics.—J. S. Peckham, Gothenburg, Neb.

Mr. Peckham sends his creed as well as a series of photos of himself taken every ten years from seventeen to seventy-seven. He is a descendant of Sir John Peckham, who came from England to Newport, R. I., in 1638.—M. H.

POEMS WANTED

Will you please start your grand army of willing helpers on an errand of peace for me? I have wished for it so long. I have in my possession a part of a poem, from a torn newspaper years ago, entitled, "Betsy and I Are One." It is not one of Will Carlton's. The last part is gone, I have not the author's name. I wish very much I might have it, also the poem complete. I will give you the first verse, it may aid in the search. I think the scrap of paper was an old Blade, so it may bt found there if anybody has a complete file on hand.

"Hold your horses, Lawyer, I've
brought your paper back.
Betsy and I've agreed to take another track
Well what d'ye whistle for and look so like a Jew?
Darn'd if I care if you do laugh for
I can whistle too'

A prety card goes to the finder.—M. A. H., North Manchester, Ind.

Will you kindly publish at your earliest convenience the poem, of which the following is a verse: "Go thy way, and I go mine." Mizpah, the poem quoted, has lately been published in the corner. I will give your address here, so that some friend may send it to you.—Helen F. Jaynes, Weedsport, N. Y.

TENNESSEE GIRL

I live in the beautiful eastern part of Tennessee, near the quaint old capital, Blountville. Gypsy Bell of W. Va., I am near your age, I think. I would like to know your name and what you look like.

I would like to go fishing with all of you if I did get some freckles.

Walter Dixon of S. C., come down and help me wash dishes, or if you don't want to do that you can carry in the stove wood. I hope you had a nice time at the reunion.

eTachers, come on with your interesting letters. I hope to be a teacher some day. I think it is a noble work. I do not think teachers should use tobacco, vile language or drink, and that their character should be the very best. I would like to hear from all whose birthdays come between Nov. 10 and 15.—Brown Eyes from Tennessee.

A NEWSY LETTER

Dear M. G. R.'s—I will try and liven myself up by writing to you this morning. It has been so long since I have written, and it seems that way with all the older members, but I still read the papers with the same interest as ever.

I have been working as a clerk for a large company for over a year and like it fine. Went on my vacation of 10 days to Indianapolis and Lebanon, Ind. I had an awfully nice visit with relatives and friends there. I like that country so much, and Indianapolis is a grand place. The farms and crops were beautiful, but I think our scenery more picturesque.

It seems so quiet in the country after being in town all week. I come home every Saturday night and read everything that has come in during the week. But I must get ready and go to church as it is almost time.

We had a fire in our town last week that burnt over $800,000 worth of goods. Exactly one-fourth of our square burned. I took my camera the next day after and got some dandy pictures.

It was a terrible fire. I spent much of my time during the day watching it and would have spent all watching it if I hadn't had my work to do. However, I saw much of it.

"Western Girl," where are you? You are the one I always think of first when I read the M. G. R's.

There isn't much of interest in my letter, but I thought I would let you know I am still—Miss Ouri.

A North Dakota Letter.

I like to read the letters about the country, so will tell you about the state which I life in, which is North Dakota.

We have lived in North Dakota for nearly seven years. The country is rolling and has some very large hills about five miles from our place.

We have a telephone and mail route. We have a country switchboard at our house. When we came up here from South Dakota we did not have very near neighbors, but people began to move in here.

I go two miles and a half to school. I drive most of the time. I am 14 years old and am in the seventh grade at school.

I would like to exchange post cards and letters.—Hazen Purintun, Temvik, R. F. D. No. 1, N. Dak.

A ROYAL HONEYMOON

Indianapolis News.

FROM the lavish magnificence of the Berlin palace to the woodland silence and simplicity of Hubertusstock is a quick and marked transition. But it was from the finest of the imperial mansions to an unpretentious hunting box that Prince Ernst and Princess Luise went after their marriage a few weeks ago. The hunting box commands the wildest and the best stocked hunting preserve of the Hohenzollerns. It stands in a pleasant glade in the midst of a tract of oaks.

It was on a day in the year 1849, says a correspondent of the London Telegraph, that Frederick William IV, granduncle of the present emperor, rested in this glade after a tiring day's shooting, and, struck by the beauty of the scene, plunged his stick into the ground, declaring that on that spot a house must be built for him. The structure which arose at his command is in the style of the simpler Swiss chalets. For the most part it is composed of wood, and a plainly carved balcony runs round the upper of its two floors. In its dimensions it is not more imposing than an ordinary London suburban villa, and all its appointments are of the simplest description. Hundreds of antlers hang on the walls, both within and without, and the other principal interior mural decorations are framed prints and photographs, most of which have some connection with the chase. The furniture is plain and substantial, like that of a yeoman farmer. Even the room in which the emperor sleeps during his annual autumnal visits is hardly big enough to admit the simple bedstead, washstand and dressing table, and the chief members of the suites he brings with him are, of course, no more sumptuously lodged than their master.

There is no enclosure or garden worthy of the name to shut off the chalet from the outside world. Only a notice nailed to the posts warns the wanderer that some of the paths in its vicinity are "forbidden." But when the court is not in residence he has free access to the "hunting schloss," and may, for a small fee, inspect all its apartments except the bedrooms of the emperor and empress.

A walk of less than a mile to the east brings one to the Lake Wehrbellin, which is the true charm of Hubertusstock. It is a "winding" lake. Its length is seven miles and its greatest breadth about three-quarters of a mile. On the opposite shore, infinitely the more picturesque of the two, its banks rise steeply to a height of several hundred feet, and are densely clothed with trees, which, indeed, encircle the lake without a break. From the southern extremity, for a distance of about three miles, the wood is exclusively composed of thickly planted beeches of great height. Their foliage meets overhead, and to walk among their straight boles in the gloaming is like passing among the columns of a Gothic cathedral. The northern remainder of the eastern short is less thickly planted with a mixture of beech, birch and Scottish fir, one of the most beautiful of arboreultural combinations.

CHEAP SOAP KILLS HAIR ROOTS

Stop using cheap soap. You are destroying roots of hair which would otherwise have a luxuriant growth and which you might well be proud of.

Don't pay fancy prices for shampoos. Get the right shampoo at the right price.

MILLIONS OF SHAMPOOS---ONLY ONE CENT EACH

Never before has such a high-grade hair invigorator been offered at this price. Our "Hair Fluff," once tried, always used. It is giving satisfaction everywhere

We will send you sufficient "HAIR FLUFF" for 25 of the most delightful shampoos, if you will send us 25c today.

Don't delay. Please mention The Toledo Weekly Blade.

Guaranteed by The Austin Chemical Co., 5930 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

BOYS Let Brown Teach You
How to Pitch FREE
Miner Brown
Doesn't Cost You One Cent
Only Work of Its Kind Ever Published
Send For the First Lesson Now
W.D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 182 CHICAGO

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Good Advice.

I am a farmer's daughter of 12 summers. My two sisters and I keep house for our father. We have been keeping house for four years. I will advise all of you boys and girls who have mothers to be kind to them, for when they are gone you will not find all things so easy to do without them, and you should all be glad you have them to do for you. I will sign my nickname. — Kitten of Indiana.

Like Robinson Crusoe.

I am a boy of 10 years old, and have been reading the good letters from other boys and girls for some time, and have not seen any that live on an island. I came here two years ago with my father, mother, sisters and brothers, and it is a pretty place. There are six small lakes with lots of fish on this island. It is 18 miles from one lighthouse to the other. We also have lots of wild flowers and berries. I would like to receive cards and letters from all the Peace Page boys and girls. Will send post cards to anyone. Hoping to see this in print.—Raymond Cole, Beaver Island, Michigan.

This letter had a nice postscript to me, offering to send some wild flowers. I certainly love them, and would be glad of a few pressed in a letter—M. H.

Motto for Children.

I think the children should have a motto for their corner, here is one I would suggest: "Be good and be cheerful, be happy and contented," I can see from where I am sitting lots of beautiful flowers, and can hear the beautiful songs of the birds. Here is a riddle: "As I went over London bridge I met my sister Mary, I chopped off her head and sucked her blood and left her body standing."—Rusha Board, Cremo, W. Va.

A Riddle.

Celia Jennette Codner and Pauline Phoebe Codner of Waits, Tioga county, N. Y., write letters to tell their interest in this page. The little girls have an invalid mother, so they do a good deal of housework, and are learning to be helpful little women.

They want to hear from Inzie Isminger, and will exchange post cards with any who send. Pauline sends his riddle:

"As I was going over new London bridge I met a new London scholar. He took off his hat and drew off his glove; I have told you his name and now you don't know.

A Caravan.

I was born in Decalb County, Ind., 15 years ago the 14th of July. I came to this state with my parents and five other families 13 years ago this fall. We drove through in covered wagons. It took us five weeks. I am a farmer's daughter, live five miles from town. I have five brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister is living in Indiana. There are only four of us children at home, two boys and two girls.

This is my second letter to the Blade, I hope the waste basket won't have it's month open ready to receive this. I would be real glad to get a post card shower and will gladly promise to answer all I receive. — Florence Price, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

A Cantaloupe Eating Cat.

Dear Blade Boys and Girls—I live in the good old Centennial State and I've never been outside its boundaries. I love the mountains with their beautiful old pine trees, and when the least little breeze comes along what sad songs they sing. If I have a hobby it is reading, hemstitching and piano playing. We have a piano and I am taking lessons on it. My mother plays some. We have a black kitten about half grown. We haven't any special name for him, but we call him "Nigger" or "Blacky." He will eat cantaloupe meat and when he can't have the meat he chews the rind. Aren't there any boys or girls in Colorado who take The Blade? Are there any Blade girls who like hemstitching?—Margaret Flinn, Gern, Colorado.

SHORT AND SWEET

My father has a farm containing 160 acres in Coldham county, Wash. A small river runs through it. My sisters and I go fishing for trout nearly every day. My mother is dead, so I have all the cooking to do. I like to cook and work on a farm. I like to milk cows, too. There are six in our family, three boys and three girls. I am 12 years old—Emma M. W.

We boys and girls of this county sometimes gather roots, herbs and barks during wet summer days to buy our shoes and clothing and help our parents in this way to make a living. We raise chickens and turkeys. Sometimes we have fun hunting eggs in the weeds and grass and watching for rattlesnakes, too. If we find a rattler we forget the eggs and run almost without patience the race that is set before us.—A Mountain Boomer.

Rachel Merron, Summertown, Tenn., wants to exchange cards with any whose birthday is the second of August.

SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Swarthmore, Penn. — "For fifteen years I suffered untold agony, and for one period of nearly two years I had hemorrhages and the doctors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am in good health now. I am all over the Change of Life and cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too highly. Every woman should take it at that time. I recommend it to both old and young for female troubles." — Mrs. EMILY SUMMERSGILL, Swarthmore, Pa.

Baltimore, Md. — "My troubles began with the loss of a child, and I had hemorrhages for four months. The doctors said an operation was necessary, but I dreaded it and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The medicine has made me a well woman and I feel strong and do my own work." — Mrs. J. R. PICKING, 1260 Sargent St., Baltimore, Md.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

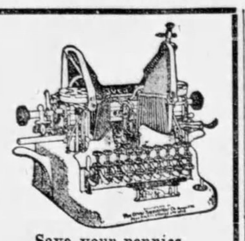
17 CENTS A DAY BUYS AN

OLIVER

The Standard Visible Writer

Can you spend 17 cents a day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?

Write for Special Easy-Payment Proposition, or see the nearest Oliver Agent.



Save your pennies and own The OLIVER Typewriter

The OLIVER Typewriter Co.

Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2 Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

AMBERGRIS

What is ambergris, its use and its value?—A. M. B., Fremont, Ohio.

Ambergris is a gum-like substance obtained from the intestinal canal of the sperm whale, or found floating in pieces of various sizes on the surface of the sea. It is of great value in the making of various perfumes. It is a product of cetacean digestion, and often contains the beaks of cuttlefish. When first extracted rom the alimentary canal it has the feeling and consistency of thick grease, but after exposure to the air hardens and acquires its characteristic sweet earthy odor. Many stories were told by early writers to account for the origin of ambergris. It was held by the ancients to be of great value in certain diseases, but is now used entirely in connection with perfumery. It is worth about $20 a pound. The name is given to a barren island on the coast of Yucatan, because of the quantities of ambergris gathered along its shores.

GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE

Please give a biographical sketch of Gen. George G. Meade, commander of the Union forces at Gettysburg.—W. A. S., Huntington, W. Va.

George Gordon Meade was born at Cadiz, Spain, December 1, 1815. In 1825 he was graduated from the United States Military Academy and assigned to the Third Artillery, and served in the Seminole war in Florida. In October, 1836, he resigned from the army and became an assistant engineer in the construction of the Alabama, Florida and Georgia railroad. Later he was engaged in various works of engineering, but in 1842 re-entered the army as second lieutenant of topographical engineers. He joined Scott's staff at Corpus Christi, Tex., September 14, 1845, and during the Mexican war participated in the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey, Rasaca de la Palma and the siege of Vera Cruz. After the war he was engaged in lighthouse construction and the geodetic survey of the Great Lakes.

Gen. Meade's connection with the civil war began with the opening of hostilities. He was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers and assigned to the command of the second brigade of the Pennsylvania reserve corps of the Army of the Potomac, stationed on the right of the lines before Washington. He served in the Virginia peninsula campaign, nd took part in the actions at Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, and Frayser's Farm. June 18, 1861, he was promoted major of engineers. At Manassas he commanded the first brigade of Reynolds' division, and later he took a distinguished part at South Mountain. In the latter battle, when Hooker was wounded, he was placed in command of the first corps. For his services he was promoted major-general of volunteers, November 29, 1862. At Fredericksburg, December 13, he commanded the third division of the first corps, with which he broke through Lee's right and penetrated to the position occupied by the confederate reserves, but for want of support was compelled to fall back. At Chancellorsville, May 2 and 4, 1863, he commanded the fifth corps. June 28, 1863, he was appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac, to succeed Hooker. His command was then scattered, and on the march through Pennsylvania in pursuit of the confederate invaders, Meade had yet everything to learn of both his own force and the enemy. At Gettysburg he won the great battle with which his name is generally associated. He received the thanks of congress and was made brigadier-general, July 3, 1863. During the remainder of the war he commanded the Army of the Potomac with conspicuous ability, and on August 18, 1864, became major general in the regular army. He died in Philadelphia, November 6, 1872.

TO BLUE STEEL

Will the Question Bureau please give a recipe for bluing iron or steel as used for bluing rifle or pistol barrels?—C. C. G., Wolfe Store, Pa.

There is more than one way of bluing steel, but they would seem to call for some practical knowledge of the work before they could be made to work successfully. The simple mode is merely to subject the steel to heat. The dark blue is produced at a temperature of 600 degrees; the full blue at 500 degrees, and the blue at 550 degrees. The steel must be finely polished on its surface and then exposed to a uniform degree of heat. Accordingly there are three ways of coloring: First by a flame producing no soot, as spirits of wine; secondly, by a hot plate of iron, and thirdly, by wood ashes. As a very regular degree of heat is necessary wood ashes bear the preference. The work must be covered over with them and carefully watched, when the color is sufficiently heightened the work is perfect.

To give iron the effect of blue steel, make a solution of four ounces of hyposulphite of soda in one and one-half pint of water and add a solution of one ounce of acetate of lead in the same quantity of water. Articles to be colored are placed in the mixture, which is then gradually heated to the boiling point.

MOTHER SHIPTON

Please tell us who Mother Shipton was. What were her prophecies? —M. O., Farmer City, Ill.

Mother Shipton and her prophecies seem always to be in great demand. Paste it in your hat that she was an English prophetess about whose existence there seems to be no certainty, while there is no doubt that many of the sayings attributed to her were fabricated by others. According to S. Baker, who published Mother Shipton's prophecies in 1797, she was born in 1488, and died at over 70 years of age. It was not until 1641 that a pamphlet appeared containing some of her alleged predictions. In 1862 a prediction was made with Mother Shipton's name appended to it, that the world would come to an end in 1881. The following is what is generally known as Mother Shipton's prophecy:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents will the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold found at root of tree.
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron on the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.
The world at an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

STRADIVARIS VIOLINS

Please give in the columns of the Question Bureau information regarding the old Stradivaris violins—where solid and how much an instrument of the kind is worth.—W. B., Colson, Ky.

Please tell me if there is any reward or premium on Stradivarius violin bearing the date of 1730.—T. C., Winfield, W. Va.

The bureau would be pleased to be able to give all the information that is wanted in regard to these old violins, but it seems impossible. These questions come stringing in from one year's end to another with periodical regularity. Old Stradivaris made instruments from 1666 to 1737, the actual number amounting to 1,116, of which 540 violins, 12 violas and 50 violoncellos are known today, while there are traces of over 100 more. Some of these old instruments have brought fabulous prices. One is said to have sold for $10,000. There is always a question, however, about the genuineness of a violin that is labeled and dated back to the time when Stradivari was making violins.

THE INVENTION OF CLOCKS

I would be pleased if the Question Bureau would explain how people kept time before clocks were invented. When were clocks invented and by whom?—L. R. J., Wartburg, Tenn.

The modern clock is the result of interesting mechanical evolution that began with the water clock of the ancient Greeks. Then came the combination toothed wheel, which is attributed to the Saracens. The first escapement, the apparatus for measuring the motion of a clock, was invented by Gerbert, 1000 A. D. The possibility of the pendulum dates from the time of Galileo, but the practical inventor of the pendulum dates from the time of Galigreat Dutch astronomer of the seventeenth century. He invented the various appliances of the clock, the striking apparatus excepted, in substantially the form that we have them today. The dial anteceded the clock for measuring the hours.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. M. H. T., Cheney, Wash.: Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the author, died at Maplewood, N. J., June 4, 1912, of acute indigestion, at the age of 74 years. Her biographers make no mention of the things you wish to know about her.

J. W. F., Johnson City, Tenn.: Your question was answered in the Bureau of last week, for another inquirer.

RESINOL HEALS ITCHING ECZEMA

Don't stand that itching eczema torment one day longer. Go to the nearest druggist and get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. Bathe the eczema patches with Resinol Soap and hot water, dry and apply a little Resinol Ointment. The torturing itching and burning stop instantly, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible and healing begins. Soon the ugly tormenting eruptions disappear completely and for good.

Resinol is not an experiment. It is a doctor's prescription which proved so wonderfully successful for skin troubles that it has been used by other doctors all over the country for eighteen years. No other treatment for the skin new before the public can show such a record of professional approval. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment (50c and $1.00) and Resinol Soap (25c), or by parcel post on receopt of price. Dept. F., Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A well known New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily completely banished in three days with delightful benefit.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. No more of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth avenue, B-490, New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him.

STATE TO OWN CAR LINES

Western Australia Goes a Step Further in Government Ownership.

New York Times.

Broadway's special gondola street car, or, rather, the type of it, will soon be plying the main street of the city of Perth, according to John Scaddan, premier of Western Australia, who was in New York a few days ago homeward bound from England

"I am stopping in New York to study your transportation system as best I can in the limited time at my disposal," Mr. Scaddan said. "You know, in Australia, the government owns all the railways, but now, in Western Australia, we are going a step further, and are taking over the street car lines.

"We in Western Australia thoroughly believe in government ownership and our taking over of the street car lines is in line with our belief. The government already owns not only the railways, but the dock system and the water supply system, and the electric light and power system of Perth is municipally owned."

Asked if the government of Western Australia was not distinctly socialistic, or verging toward Socialism, Premier Scaddan replied:

"Not socialistic in the sense in which the word is generally understood. But we do believe in effective government action where there are economic evils. There is no public man in Australia who does not believe now that government ownership of the railroads is not the right thing. Yet to propose it in all countries would be called Socialism.

"I don't know whether I ought to say it, but we are death on trusts in Australia. We have stringent anti-trust laws. The only time we do not believe in competition is when all the people own the monopoly. We have not yet reached the trust stage in Australia, and we do have rings and combinations. Whenever we have difficulty in coping with any developing trusts the government steps in and undertakes similar duties in order to create a vigorous, healthy competition.

"Take the case of the meat ring. In our own state last year the government purchased steamers to carry mails, freight, and passengers, but the government's principal object in buying and operating these steamers was to bring down cattle from the northwestern part of the state to the populated districts, because a meat ring had got its grip on the country. The government's activity in entering the field is breaking that ring.

"And now we propose to start an agricultural implement works to beat the local harvester trust. We are at the stage now that the United States passed through earlier in its history. We are in the crawling stage, just learning to walk, and we hope to avoid many of the stumbling blocks that the older countries had difficulty in getting over, by studying the methods that have been adopted and by introducing them. In order to break up the ring which might threaten to grow into a trust, our government would not hesitate to enter the manufacturing field, and in case of agricultural implements we are actually going to do so."

Switches Given Away.

Worcester Telegram.

The small boy whose father has time to apply the switch should be aware with a little more than the usual caution. The United States government is giving away willow switches.

The department of agriculture has an experiment farm at Arlington, Va., and some parts of it were found to be too wet for raising ordinary crops. Therefore the experts set willows out in the wet places, and there has been so smart a growth that the government wants to get rid of the willow switches. It offers to give them away under the guise of willow cuttings to make baskets or bottom chairs, but no smart boy will ever be deceived by that kind of talk. He may be safe only in the assurance of the government that only 100 of the cuttings will be given to one person.

Practical Swimming Lessons

By TOM WHITAKER.

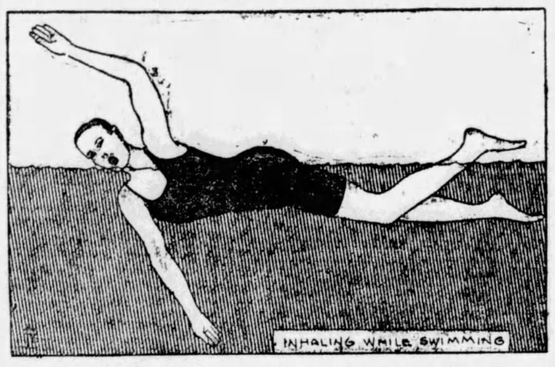
HOW TO BREATHE CORRECTLY.

THE secret of easy and graceful swimming is attained by the proper method of breathing. You have no doubt seen on your vis-

its to seashore or swimming pool swimmers who to your vision appeared to be swimming under water, for their heads were entirely submerged, and the question has no doubt arisen in your mind: "How in the world is that fellow getting his breath?"

The answer to your question is simple. The swimmer is breathing the correct and only way to breath while swimming, namely, rythmically, and before you can become a really good swimmer and acquire the complicated "Trudgeon" and "crawl" strokes, you, too, must learn to breath this way. This is a method of breathing by means of which the swimmer is enabled to keep his head under the water three-quarters of the time, and in doing so he keeps his body on a level plane. It is a fact that as soon as the head is raised in swimming the feet have a tendency to sink. This is certainly the case where the swimmer is trying to keep his head from six inches to a foot out of the water.

How many times have you seen swimmers puffing and blowing, eyes bulging, and acting as if every breath was to be their last one? This is especially true of the swimmer who happens to submerge his head and coming to the surface tries to exhale and inhale at the same time, which is impossible. Swimming is an exercise that requires plenty of good fresh air. It is a great lung developer, for the respiratory organs are worked to



their fullest capacity during the act of swimming. In view of the increased amount of work required of the lungs, it follows that there is bound to be a great amount of waste material in the shape of gas and used air which must escape from the body somewhere. The swimmer's task is to get rid of this used air or he will soon become exhausted, for the retaining in the lungs of the used air is really what causes exhaustion in swimmers quite as much as the lack of fresh air.

The next time you are in the water try and breathe in the following manner and overcome this bad effect: Get in water until the nose is under the surface. Keep the mouth shut and exhale forcibly and steadily through the nose, making sure to keep exhaling all the time the nose is under the water. After exhaling for about two seconds, raise the head out of the water and inhale through the mouth quickly. Do not try to inhale while the head is under the surface.

This method of breathing should be acquired after a few attempts, and after you have mastered it, swimming will take on new delights for you, and you will find it to be the "open sesame" to all the up-to-date strokes, for in swimming any of them it is merely necessary to exhale through the nose while the head is under water, and turning the head to the side, open the mouth and inhale.

SUGAR BEETS IN INDIANA

The Farmers' Guide.

That sugar beets can be grown anywhere in fertile soil on an economical basis and that the industry is engaging the employment of thousands of people and millions of dollars capital is the declaration of Dr. D. Yingling, of Huntington county, Indiana, a man who is very enthusiastic over the prospects of sugar beet culture in this state. "The manufacture of sugar from the sugar beet is no longer an experiment in this country or Europe," says Dr. Yingling, "but is a matter of fact, and will pay better than any other crop, if properly managed. There are now good prospects that this industry will be established in this part of Indiana in the near future."

Dr. Yingling quotes ex-Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson and Harvey W. Wiley, former chief chemist of the department of agriculture, to show the importance of the sugar beet industry. According to Dr. Wiley: "Wherever the sugar beet is cultivated the farmers are all prosperous, no matter what kind of other crops they raise. The beet generally improves the productiveness of the soil in all kinds of agriculture. It causes the employment of more labor and indirectly benefits commerce and transportation, and produces prosperity in agriculture, which it would be difficult to bring about in any other way. The culture of the beet brings into the neighborhood the large sugar factory usig fuel and other raw material, with its complement of laborers and experts, thus giving a better and more profitable market to the surrounding farmers for all their products."

Dr. Yingling is encouraging Indiana farmers to take up sugar beet growing. "The time will soon be here," says he, "when a selection of land should be made for next year's crop, in order that it may be plowed the coming fall, and made ready for planting early next spring, which the recent heavy frost shows can be done without fear of being frozen, even if planted early. Where the soil is rich and proper attention is given to the culture of beets, the profit in raising them is much greater than in raising corn, oats, wheat, etc. They, of course, require much more labor than other crops, but the profit is so great, that the owner of the land can readily afford to secure foreign labor to do the blocking, weeding, pulling, or lifting them out of the ground and topping, when matured.

"The yield is from 10 to 20 tons per acre, and sell at $5 per ton. The beet tops afford valuable feed for cattle and hogs, and especially dairy cows, and are worth from $5 to $10 per acre. The average expense per acre, including plowing and otherwise preparing the ground, cultivation after the beets are up, hauling them to the nearest station, together with cost of the labor by foreigners, runs from $30 to $36 per acre. I saw a statement signed by 45 farmers of Adams county, showing that their returns per acre averaged from $50 to $103, leaving a net profit of from about $15 to over $60 per acre. The Sugar Beet Co. of Decatur is very liberal with its customers. If the customers haven't the cash on hand to meet the expense of labor, etc., money will be loaned them and notes taken bearing the ordinary rate of interest, with the understanding that it will be paid when the crop is sold."

KILL THE FLY BEFORE IT KILLS YOU

"One of the worst of our common pests is the house fly. This is not because of its great annoyance to mankind so much as on account of its very filthy habits and its liability to carry disease germs of several kinds that inflict mankind."

The point blank indictment comes from Professor H. A. Surface, Pennsylvania's economic zoologist.

The results of many experiments have proven beyond any doubt that a very large percentage of typhoid fever is the result of the presence of flies, that these insects are so thoroughly laden with disease producing bacteria that a fly in a baby's milk for one second menaces the life of the child and subjects it to many dread diseases. These facts have awakened people to the necessity of waging an increasing war against the fly and have shown the need for immediate action. The city people have, unfortunately, become most active in this crusade, and while this is very fitting, yet it is the farmer who can do most to eradicate this pest, and it should be in the country that the greatest efforts are made. Most cities have laws compelling stable owners to remove manure once every 24, or, in some cases 48 hours and this, together with the good sanitation which exists generally in the city home, make the city end of the fight comparatively easy. For the farmer, however, with his open barnyard and outhouses the problem is more complex, and it is for him that suggestions are given which may make his fight easier. First of all, it is necessary to know something of the habits and characteristics of flies.

Breed in and Carry Filth.

The name "fly" does not pertain to any particular insect, but is an abbreviation for house fly, bot fly, nimble fly or any one of many different insects. The most common one, however, is the house fly, although the stable fly, horn fly, screw-worm fly and blow fly are all exceedingly common and are, no doubt, generally mistaken for the house fly.

The house fly lays her eggs in horse manure and deposits generally about 150 eggs. The larvae feed upon the manure and other filth and in about 14 days are full grown adult flies. Because of their natural habit of breeding and feeding on human and animal waste matter they are constantly in contact with typhoid and other pathogenic bacteria. A fly may go directly from some accumulation of filth to the table or crawl over the food and thus jeopardize the life and health of the farmer and his entire family.

The stable fly resembles the house fly in appearance. It sucks blood and greatly annoys cattle and often, generally before storms, will enter dwellings and attack persons. The larvae live in fresh horse manure and thus are as much to be dreaded as the house fly.

The horn fly confines its attack mostly to horned cattle. It resembles the house fly in appearance, except that it is less than half as large. This fly is only serious because of its damage to cattle, and since the larvae live in fresh cow manure, sanitary conditions will eradicate it.

The screw-worm fly is greatly to be dreaded. It is a bright metallic green with four black stripes on its upper thorax. It deposits its eggs, which are exceedingly small, on sores and in the nostrils of men and animals and some deaths have been reported from this cause. Since the fly also frequents filth and by reason of its close bodily contact, it is more to be feared than some of the others. Fortunately, however, it is not so common.

The blow fly is larger than the house fly, has a steel blue abdomen and flies with a loud buzing sound. While it sometimes breeds in manure, it prefers decayed meats and other provisions. The larvae are the ordinary loathsome maggots and the resulting adults are responsible for a great deal of typhoid fever and tuberculosis.

100,200,000 Flies a Month.

It has been estimated that from one pound of horse manure exposed in an ordinary barnyard there are breed 1,200 house flies. On the other hand, we can form some idea of the speed with which flies breed when we consider that each female lays about 120 eggs. These eggs hatch and are ready to produce in 10 to 14 days, at which time there will be 13,000 eggs as a second generation; the result of only one female. If we multiply this every 10 days all summer the figures get beyond even our imagination and they bring forcibly to our minds the damage one single fly that lives over winter can do.

Approximately 100,200,000 flies in only one month from a single female that has wintered over! That is, in one month a single female fly will give rise to 100,200,000 flies, each of which carries millions of disease-producing bacteria. Is it any wonder that a campaign is being waged against this death-carrying insect?

There are two ways of preventing this appalling annual spread of disease, and every farmer in the country should study these means and aid in the fight for the conservation of human life. The first is a more sanitary care of human and animal excreta and the second is the destroying of adult flies that live over winter.

Every housewife knows the merits of thorough screening, of fly traps, poisons and sticky fly paper, but on the farm and in many residential sections the breeding places are neglected. The garbage pail is not kept clean and covered and all that the housewife can do will not keep pace with the increase of the pests.

How to Kill Them Off.

On the question of ridding the world of flies, Doctor Surface has this advice to offer:

"More important than traps or poisoning flies in the house, and even more important than screening doors and windows, is to destroy their breeding places. At least once per week all stables, poultry houses and open vaults should be thoroughly cleaned, and then dusted with cloride of lime, or ground phosphate rock or dry lime.

"One of the recent important discoveries in the agricultural field is that raw ground phosphate rock, commonly called "floats," can be mixed with stable manure, and will destroy flies, and prevent their multiplication therein, and will also greatly increase the fertilizing value of the manure. To get the best results in this regard, about one pound of ground phosphate rock should be used daily for each 1,000 pounds of weight of the animals, dusting it over the manure in the stable or as hauled.

Prize Winner.

New York Tribune.

Another one has started, and promises to become a worthy successor to "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" Many heretical versions of the new teaser are at large, but the true form is as follows, and must be strictly adhered to by the faithful:

Bill had a bill-board and Bill had a board bill, and Bill's board bill bored Bill till Bill sold Bill's bill-board to pay Bill's board bill, and then Bill's board bill no longer bored Bill.

Mr. Wilson's Presents

SHOULD President Wilson ever decide to start a museum he would have some real curios with which to begin. Recently he received a piece of cannon ball found on the streets of Norfolk, Va., the donor stating that the shell was a part of the farewell shot sent by a British sloop when Virginia was evacuated by the British.

Other curios received are pieces of wood from historic buildings and from old vessels. Many times these relics are sent him by societies that object to the buildings being torn down, or to the ships being destroyed. And with them comes a request for him to exert his influence in saving the relic for future generations. He recently received a piece of lace made from wood, laboriously cut by hand from a large block, and a nicely embroidered doily.

The present administration will have splendid luck, and every success, if the immense numbers of four-leaf clovers sent in presage anything. Flowers of all varieties are received at the White House. In many cases they were not properly packed and, consequently, are badly withered. A large bunch of violets, sent from a southern state, however, was so well perserved that it served to brighten time.

The fad of sending eggs by parcel post is well known at the White House where numerous packages of them are resevied, usually in dozen lots. The eggs carry in good shape, although it is doubted whether Mr. Wilson ever breakfasts on them. Considerable real maple sugar from the New England states has been received, some of which, it is said about the executive offices, found its way to the white house table.

The champion cheese maker of each section of the country is constantly enriching the White House collection with contributions of prize varieties. Butter makers come in for a letter of thanks when they forward to the president a pound or two of their best product, while the champion bread makers from different parts of the country have gone so far as to go to the White House kitchens and show by actual demonstration that the loaf forwarded from an Iowa or Maine kitchen is genuine

Thousands of manufacturers are constantly sending samples of their wares in the hope that they may be recognized, and many notable cases have occurred where the advertising manager of the wide-awake concern has attempted to twist the courteous note received in acknowledgement into a letter of recommendation. It is needless to state that upon many occasions considerable inducement has been offered Presidents for their endorsement, or even a word of praise. There will be no need of purchasing brooms during the present administration, if all of a consignment sent by an institution for the blind are used.

Chinese authorities are trying to colonize waste lands near Nanking.

More than half the dwellings in New South Wales are built of wood.

By the spring of 1915 Germany will have widened its Kiel canal 45 feet and will have constructed two double locks larger than those of the Panama canal.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, July 7.

SENATE.—Senator Cummins introduced a lobby bill that would make the things admitted to have been done by David Lamar, a witness before the lobby committee, unlawful, punishable with severe penalties. Senator Works introduced his bill providing for a commission to pass upon all applications for Federal office. More than an hour was spent in executive session in an unsuccessful effort to confirm the nomination of Mrs. Ham to be postmistress at Gainesville, Ga., to succeed the widow of Gen. Longstreet. The Democratic caucus concluded its labors, but did not adopt a binding rule. The lobby committee continued its hearings. Adjourned until Thursday.

The house was not in session.

Tuesday, July 8.

SENATE—Senate was not in session. David Lamar continued his testimony before the lobby committee. Representatives of wool and sugar industry also were heard. Finance committee spent the day going over the tariff bill searching for clerical errors and preparing the bill for the final print.

HOUSE.—Banking and currency committee, after a stormy session, adjourned last night with every member sworn to secrecy.

Wednesday, July 9.

SENATE.—The senate was not in session. The lobby committee continued its investigation of activities of individuals and organizations to influence legislation. The public lands committee ordered a favorable report on a bill for the relief of settlers. The finance committee spent the day going over the final draft of the tariff bill, and sent it to the printer. It probably will be reported tomorrow. The banking and currency committee will today begin consideration of currency legislation.

HOUSE.—The house met at noon. The Henry resolution, calling for an investigation of the Mulhall charges by a special house committee, was adopted. The banking and currency committee decided to hold public sessions while considering the currency bill. Representative Mann objected to the printing of 50,000 additional copies of the house "prayer book," consisting of the prayers of Chaplain Couden. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo submitted a request for an appropriation of $18,150 for machinery for the new lighting plant at the government hospital for the insane. The house adjourned until Saturday.

Thursday, July 10.

SENATE.—Only routine business was transacted. A number of unobjected bills on the calendar were passed. The La Follette bill providing for an eight-hour workday for women in the District of Columbia was passed. The banking and currency committee did not agree upon any plan for action on the pending bill. Opposition to consideration while the tariff was under way developed. The lobby committee continued its hearings, and at an executive session last night decided to investigate the "wars" between capital and labor. The tariff bill will be reported today. Mrs. Ham was confirmed as postmaster at Gainsville, Ga., to succeed the widow of Gen. Longstreet.

HOUSE.—The house was not in session. Chairman Henry, of the rules committee, promised a hearing to the women suffragists in December. The lobby committee met and prepared to begin hearings Monday.

Friday, July 11.

SENATE.—Tariff bill reported from finance committee. Diplomatic nominations received from President and confirmed. Continued lobby hearings. Adjourned until Monday.

The house was not in session today.

Saturday, July 12.

SENATE—The senate was not in session. The lobby committee heard the testimony of Martin M. Mulhall.

HOUSE—The house met at 12:30 and adjourned to Monday. Representative Henry introduced a resolution to renew the money trust inquiry.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

GRATITUDE REWARDED!

FREE OFFER MADE FOR 3RD TIME!

Toledo Weekly Blade readers are grateful people and their glowing words of appreciation and gratitude have so stirred the heart of Catarrh Specialist Sproule, that for the third time he offers a FREE Treatment for Catarrh to all who apply.

Doubtless, you read the other two advertisements and remember that the Specialist set aside a certain number of treatments to be given away FREE. You remember too, that Catarrh Specialist Sproule is an authority on Catarrh in its every form and that after 25 years of study and experience, he has perfected a method of treatment which cures, even many cases hitherto thought hopeless.

The two previous offers of FREE Treatment have met with a wonderful response. Not only were the number set aside exhausted in short order; but the gratitude expressed for help and benefit received has been overwhelming. "I cannot thank you enough for showing me your new method which drives out that horrible, loathsome Catarrh, and makes Heaven within me and around me," has been the burden of hundreds of letters received. And just think, these letters have come from YOUR friends and neighbors—people who like yourself read the Toledo Weekly Blade.

Catarrh Treatments FREE

Now this third offer is made to you. Do you want to get rid of your Catarrh? Send for a Free Treatment. Do you want to feel like a new person? Send for a Free Treatment NOW. Would you rid yourself of that fear that your Catarrh is developing into incurable trouble? Write for a Free Treatment this moment. Take the paper in your hand—get pen and ink—a pencil will do—address a post card or note to Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, and ask for a Free Treatment.

You see it is a very simple thing to do for so large a gain. Remember it won't cost you a penny to try for yourself the New Method, which is attracting such wide spread attention and which has cured thousands of cases of Catarrh.

Be among the grateful ones for this offer. Send for a FREE Treatment and you will bless the day you saw this advertisement.

Send off now.—Remember the supply goes quickly. Write **Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.**

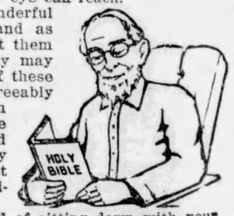
Spectacles On 7 Days Trial Free

—And They'll Even Make A Blind Man See—

Of course, I don't mean one blind from birth or disease—but near-blind and weak-eyed on account of old age.

Now it makes no difference if you're as near-blind and weak-eyed as the old gentleman shown in the above picture, I'm going to send you a pair of my 10-karat SOLID GOLD "Perfect Vision" spectacles without a cent of money, and if you're a sportsman and like to go out hunting occasionally, you'll find that you can shoulder your gun and drop the smallest squirrel off the tallest tree top at the very first shot sure, with the help of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine. And in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the twilight, they'll easily enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach.

Write me today for a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, and as soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight, and this no matter if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.



Or if you're fond of sitting down with your needle-work awhile at night in your spare time, just put on these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine and you'll find that you can again thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself for reading, sewing, hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere and everywhere, anyway and everyway. Then after a thorough try-out, if you find that every word I have said about them is as honest and as true as gospel, and if they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep the lenses forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance. Won't you help me introduce my wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below $3.75 certificate at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" lenses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write your name, address and age on the below coupon at once, and mail it to me today without one cent of money. Address:—

3.75 DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO.—Room 9 ST. LOUIS, MO. 3.75

Please send me on 7-days' free trial a handsome pair of 10-karat SOLID GOLD spectacles, set complete with your famous "Perfect Vision" lenses, all ready for use, also a fine leatherette plush-lined German-silver-tipped gold-lettered pocketbook spectacle case, and if I find that the 10-karat SOLID GOLD frame is really overlaid and stiffened with genuine 10-karat pure gold, and will positively stand the 10-karat solid gold acid test without the slightest discoloration (so that I will be proud to wear them in company and to church on Sundays) then and then only will I pay you your special reduced advertising price of $1.25, if in my opinion they are really worth $5, the price you have them stamped in the nosepiece. If, however, I don't want to keep the spectacle-frames for any reason whatever, I am positively going to remove the lenses and put them into my own frames without paying you one single solitary cent for them as you have agreed in the above announcement to accept this $3.75 certificate in full and complete payment of a pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" lenses as an advertisement, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

How old are you?.....

How many years have you used glasses (if any).....

Name .....

Postoffice .....

Rural Route and Box No.....State.....

3.75 3.75

HURCH BECOMES CLUB OF RICH

oted Canadian Editor Raps Churches for Their Futility.

os Angeles July 11.—"From my nt of view as a newspaper man the rches of America, alike in the tic and the dominion, have in the been in danger of losing the na- al outlook and becoming mere de- inations of the intellectual and l-to-do."

his was the opinion of Dr. J. A. cDonald, editor of the Toronto be, and one of the Canadian dele- es to the International Christian deavor convention in session here, the course of an address delivered day on "The problem of capital and or as related to the churches."

All over America," said Dr. Mac- nald, "there has grown up an indus- al absolutism more baneful and ch more arrogant than that of any rt queen, but where is the church John Knox that will stand against anny and oppression for the will God and for the rights of men?

What does the comfortable church the well-to-do know about the prob- n of work and low wages? How can hear the passionate cry of the chil- en of America, a million of them; he say three millions; caught in the el wheels of our vast, heartless in- strial machine? How can it measure e agony of women whose only alter- tive is starvation or shame.

Why? Because of the church's so- l apostasy. Once again the church s become the conservator of vested erests, and worships the God of ings as they are."

As a remedy Dr. MacDonald urged a turn to the mode of living establish- by Christ and practiced by the imitive Christians, "when Jews and ntiles, Greeks and Barbarians did e together happily and did work to- ether helpfully through all the rela- ns of industrial service in every day e."

ABOR SECRETARY IN DENIAL

. B. Wilson Resents Mulhall Charge in Labor Inquiry.

Washington, July 14.—William B. Wilson, secretary of labor, vigorously nied the truth of the charges ought out at the senate lobby inves- gation in a letter by Colonel Martin Mulhall, that "the whole Wilson mily" had jobs with the house labor ommittee while Mr. Wilson was chair- an.

Only his daughter, Miss Agnes Wil- n, he declared, was employed. She as secretary.

Mr. Wilson said his daughter was s secretary for six years while he as secretary of the United Mine Workers, and she was his private sec- tary when he went to congress. Then he became chairman of the bor committee, he said, he felt that e knew the work so well she was en- tled to the position. This she held ntil he left congress to become sec- tary of labor.

RS. J. E. CAMPBELL DEAD

Wife of Former Governor Dies of Bright's Disease.

Columbus, July 10.—Mrs. Elizabeth wens Campbell, 66, wife of James E. Campbell, governor of Ohio from 1890 o 1892, died early today at the family esidence on Hamilton avenue, of Bright's disease.

Mrs. Campbell had been seriously ill nly since last Saturday.

Her condition was considered grave uesday, when her husband ob- erved his 70th birthday. Four chil- ren also survive, Mrs. John M. Tay- or and Andrew Campbell, of Cleve- and; Miss Jessie Campbell and James Campbell, Jr., of this city. Mrs. Camp- ell's native home was Hamilton, Ohio.

PILES If you suffer from piles, send for my drugless treatment. No ointments or appliances. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Price 50c. A. Coleman, Bel. Bldg., Broadway and 47th st., New York.

CATARRH TRUTH

Told In a Simple Way

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I was cured, and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. My hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz. Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information. FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Suite 3053,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Criticized for Big African Strike

Pretoria, July 11.—The recall of the governor general of the Union of South Africa, Viscount Herbert Gladstone, son of the late William E. Gladstone, the famous English premier, was demanded by the Federated Unionists. The gold miners' strike in the Rand district was of so serious a nature that worse bloodshed than yet recorded was feared. Viscount Gladstone took part in attempting to settle the labor difficulty, but his attitude was not agreeable to the Federated Unions, which obtained an upper hand in the situation.

BULGARS BURN PEOPLE

Reports Tell of Many Atrocities Committed.

Saloniki, July 14. — The sacking and burning of the town of Seres by the defeated Bulgarian army and the accompanying outrages on women and atrocities on men were fully confirmed today in a dispatch from a well known Greek correspondent. The retreating Bulgarian soldiers, he telegraphs, opened a cannonade with four field guns from a hill above the town on Friday.

At the same time bands of Bulgarian soldiers, led by their officers, scoured the streets, first pillaging the stores and houses and then drenching them with petroleum and setting them alight until the greater part of the town was blazing.

Even the foreign consulates in Seres were not spared, according to the correspondent. The Austro-Hungarian consular offices were plundered and burned, Vice Consul George C. Zlatko being carried off by by the marauders but subsequently ransomed. The Italian consulate also was sacked but the consul bought off the incendiaries.

A number of banks, the Palace of the Metropolitan, the Great Synagogue, all the schools, the tobacco warehouses of the American, Austrian and German companies and the hospitals were burned after they had been pillaged.

The American Tobacco Co. alone suffered to the extent of $1,000,000.

Many people were crucified, hacked to pieces or burned alive by the maddened Bulgarians who committed incredible outrages on women of all ages, many of whom died from the effects.

The situation is desperate as all the pharmacies were burned and there is a total lack of medicines for the sick and bandages for the injured.

The Greek authorities in Saloniki are rushing foodstuffs, clothing and medicines to the stricken town.

WOMEN CAN CONTROL TOWN

Females Outnumber Males by 3,484 in Evanston, Ill.

Chicago, July 9.—The female majority of the population of Evanston, the north shore suburb, continues to grow, according to the school census completed yesterday. The figures show that the women outnumber the men by 3,484 in a population of 27,487. There was an increase in the population in 1912 of 741 and almost all of these are women, there being a decrease in the male population of 159.

The women, who recently were granted the vote, can control the politics of the suburb. According to the statistics there are 10,381 of them who are of voting age, while there are only 7,233 men eligible.

SUFFRAGE BRINGS PROBLEM

Have Women Right to Enter Saloon Now? Puzzles Trustees.

Peoria, Ill., July 9.—The question of whether or not a woman can be excluded from a saloon, now that she is a voter, was brought to the attention of the trustees of Peoria Heights when a motion was made to bar minors and women from saloons and to force dramshop-keepers to close their places at midnight, as the law provides. Trustee Larson said now that women have the right of suffrage they have the same right to enter a saloon that is given to men.

GRAND JURY ASSAILS WILSON

Judge Refuses to Accept Report on McNab Resignation.

San Francisco, July 9.—Severely criticising President Wilson and Attorney General McReynolds for their treatment of District Attorney McNab, the federal grand jury which indicted the Western Fuel officials and Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti yesterday made its final report to United States Judge Van Fleet. The judge refused to accept the report until these criticisms had been eliminated and the jury took the report under advisement until today, when it will be presented in amended form.

POET LAUREATE LEAVES $10,000

Will of Alfred Austin Probated—Makes Widow Beneficiary.

London, July 9.—The will of Alfred Austin, the late poet laureate, was probated yesterday. The estate, which amounts to $10,490, is all bequeathed to the widow.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU NAME BABY

Second-Hand Names on Nice New Babies Cause All Our Worldly Woes.

New York, July 11.—Beware, little mother, how you name that baby of yours! Choose at your peril "Jodab," "Abraham" or "Reginald," no matter how distinguished or wealthy was grandfather, until you find out if your infant is a "water baby," a fire baby" or an "air baby," according to the date-number of his birth. Watch out how you name your tiny daughter "Grace," or "Jessica," or "Dorothy," after your dearest college chum, for you may be putting a "fire name" upon a "water baby," and woe will ever be her lot. Your baby must have a name that has never been used before.

Mathematics is the base of every law. All things are ordered in number, weight and measure. Number reveals the constitution of the spiritual world, as letter discloses that of the natural world. The man is the temple in which one lives. So get your name right, and all will be right with your world.

She's a Name Doctor.

Mrs. A. Neith-Neypa Cochran, the author and founder of the "Aso-Neith Cryptogram," a scientic theory she worked out in her girlhood and later strengthened to the point of application, can convince you in five minutes that your given name acts on your spirit like a cramping shoe upon your foot.

According to Mrs. Cochran, who has practised the Cryptogram upon her friends and her friends' friends for 41 years, all the troubles of the world come from deformed mathematics. How often has a conviction risen in your heart that you were meant for better things than you have known; that you "never had a chance;" that you have not lived up to the best that was in you?

That comes from your name being wrong. Mine, for instance, is the worst I could have been saddled with. Being a "water" person, I have sizzled and all but exploded for years upon years under a "fire" name. "Zoe" has not enough letters in it. Also they are the wrong kind of letters. My name should have been "Nayan." When Mrs. Cochran wrote it on a pad and showed it to me I began to feel more comfortable right away.

Do not confound this mathematical theory with fortune telling and kindred foolishness. It is numbers, added and superadded until they comprise everything in the mental, moral and spiritual world. Listen:

"Every baby born into this sphere," says Mrs. Cochran earnestly, "has a right to the best opportunities and a chance to unfold his divine nature. A person's environment is his name and the letters which compose it. The name conferred gives a definition to the being. It also binds him to the occult and elemental forces which make for good or ill.

"When a name is given, the geometrical angles, both fluent and straight, which represent the letters, are registered on the subjective plane. They become the highways and byways upon which the individual travels through life.

"This is why we have so many 'ups and downs.' We fight against our deformed lives, never knowing the cause of our errors and punishments, thankful when things go right, discouraged when they go wrong, but blindly stumbling on our paths, made so hard by our misapplied names.

Follow the Guiding Number.

"Every child should be taught at a tender age the fitness of his name and the harmony it brings. Every parent should know this law of the spirit of mathematics. One lives in the light or under the shadow of a name. Why not choose the light and follow it?

By her cryptogram Mrs. Cochran divides all characteristics into three elements, fire, water, air. The days of the month are apportioned to these elements. You are born, say, on the 14th. Adding one and four, then, your element number is five. The element numbers belonging to water are one, five and seven. Hence you are a "water" person." If born on the 22nd, adding two and two makes you belong to "fire," since the fire numbers are two, four and eight. To "air" belong three, six and nine.

It is easy enough to get the number that represents your life vibration. It is harder to find a name which will index your consequent temperament and talents. You have to get Mrs. Cochran's help for that.

Famous Name Changers.

She will remind you that many famous people changed their names in order to get their vibrations right. To wit, Hiram Grant, later somewhat favorably known as Ulysses S. In the Bible were many cases of names changed to suit their owners' prospects and achievements. The Indians have always held to the idea that names and deeds are interdependent. A famous poet said: "He that is ambitious for his son should give him untried names, for those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils or otherwise may hinder by their glories, therefore set him by himself to win for his individual name some clear, specific praise."

Careful, then, about that name you're going to give the baby.

BONI-GOULD WEDDING IS VOID

Vatican Tribunal Reverses Former Order, Count Free to Wed.

Paris, July 10.—The Figaro publishes a Rome special stating that the tribunal of the Sacra Rota has reversed the refusal of the court of first instance to nullify Comte Boni de Castellanes marriage with Miss Anna Gould, now the Duchess de Talleyrand. The new decision declares that the marrfage was void. The decision will permit Comte Boni de Castellane to marry again with religious rites.

SENDS RAKE TO WILSON

Massachusetts Man Follows Custom of Ancestry.

Winsted, Conn., July 10.—Following a custom inaugurated by his grandfather, who presented Abraham Lincoln with a hay rake, Marshall W. Stedman, a rake maker, of Tyringham, Mass., has sent a rake with 40 teeth, the whole handsomely grained and varnished, to President Wilson.

President Wilsons rake is somewhat smaller than the one which Stedman sent to W. H. Taft when he occupied the White House. Lincoln's rake was almost twice as large as the one sent to President Wilson.

WORLDS S.S. MEET OPEN

United States Well Represented at Zurich.

Zurich, July 10.—Delegates from all parts of the world assembled here yesterday for the opening of the seventh world's Sunday school convention. Several thousand are in attendance, and the United States and Canada are well represented.

The convention, which is being held in the Tonhalle, was opened with Dr. George W. Bailey, of Philadelphia, in the chair. The convention sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tonkins, also of Philadelphia. Besides these men, who are leaders in the movement, Americans took an important part in the proceedings.

A feature of the convention will be the reports of six commissions, which traveled by way of missionary countries, holding Sunday school convention and investigating the situation in the field. One of these commissions was headed by H. J. Heinz, of Pittsburg, and one of the party was W. G. Landes, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Association. Mr. Heinz is president of the same body, and a member of the executive committee of the World's Association.

Among the nations that will respond to the roll call, each being represented by a five-minute address on the part of one of its delegation, will be the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Sweden, Russia, Bulgaria, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Turkey, Norway, the Netherlands, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, China, India, Iceland, the various countries of South America and several countries of Africa.

SOLDIERS DIE FIGHTING FIRE

Uncle Sam's Boys Called to Stop Spread of Forest Destruction.

San Francisco, July 10.—Five soldiers are reported burned to death and a half dozen little hamlets and towns at the foot of Mount Tamalpais await their salvation of destruction today, while the fire which has swept the mountain for three days is reaching toward the plains and vineyards to the north and Muir woods national park on the south.

Every available soldier from the San Francisco Presidio and Fort Winfield Scott on this side of the bay and Forts Baker and Barry across the Golden Gate is fighting the fire, side by side with civilians and sailors from United States war vessels. Probably 6,000 men are on the fire lines, seeking to beat back or wear down a blaze which broke out with increasing fury late yesterday and extended early this morning over a 10-mile sweep.

Captain Charles H. Plunkett, commanding the cruiser South Dakota, marched 600 of his men from the Mill Valley station up to the border of the fire in Cascade canyon early this morning, took a look at the fire, and marched them back again. Captain Plunkett said:

"It would take all the people in California to put out that fire. Let it burn out. I have expert gun pointers among my men, worth $25,000 apiece to the government. I am not going to risk their lives."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

FIGHTING THE SMOKE

Large Cities Are Striving to Remove Dangerous Pall.

Over many of the great industrial cities of this country hangs a black pall of smoke which hides the very sun. The air is darkened and filled with soot and cinders. Noxious fumes and gases are a constant menace to health, destroying shade trees and vegetation, blackening and ruining the buildings.

In one of the large cities of this country experts made elaborate tests of the smoke nuisance. It was found that the annual fall of soot and cinders was nearly five inches over the entire city and weighed a great many tons. The air at all times, even when high winds were blowing, was more or less impregnated with soot. The total damage was enormous. The laundry bill alone was well up into the thousands of dollars. The damage to furnishings and finishings was tremendous. No attempt was made to figure on the amount of human damages in loss of health and life.

Nearly every city now forbids the firing of steam locomotives with soft coal within the city limits. A few years ago such locomotives used to belch out great clouds of black smoke and showers of cinders within the very heart of our cities. The forbidding of this was the first step to destroy the smoke nuisance. The next move was to abolish the smoke from factory chimneys. This was not so easy.

For years inventors have been working on "smoke destroyers" for power house chimneys. The results have been far from perfect. The smoke destroyers worked for a little while, but soon became clogged with soot and refused to destroy the smoke. The only remedy seems to be a firebox which will insure a perfect combustion of the fuel. If the coal is all burned there can be no smoke, soot or cinders to escape up the chimney. But man has not yet been able to produce a perfect firebox, and it is more than doubtful if he ever will. The only way to cure the smoke nuisance seems to be to do away with the sources of the smoke.

Not so many years ago nearly every manufacturer, no matter how small, had to have a steam engine for power purposes and its consequent smoke-stack. Every city had thousands of these stacks, all smoking at the same time. Their combined smoke was amply sufficient to hide the sun and fairly smother the inhabitants on hot, sultry days. Several of our greatest industrial cities became the butt of endless jokes on account of their smoke and soot. Gradually these smokestacks began to disappear as electric motors, securing their power from a central station supply house, ousted the old boiler rooms.

TWO WOMEN MAKE TOUR OF WORLD

Were Perfectly Safe Without Men, Says Miss B. Eleanor Thompson.

New York, July 11.—Going around the world nowadays is just as safe and easy for two women as it would be for men, according to Miss B. Eleanor Thompson of Greenwich, Conn., who arrived yesterday on the George Washington. She and her sister, Mrs. F. T. Brooks, have just completed a circuit of the globe. It is the second time they have made the journey, the first time having been six years ago.

Mrs. Brooks came back a few days ago on the Olympic, but the perversities of a French dressmaker necessitated Miss Thompson's remaining in Paris a day longer than her sister. The particular dress that was desired was to have been delivered in time for her to catch the Olympic, but it was not.

"We did not have any experiences that were so very exciting, with the exception of one evening we spent in Tokio during the early part of last February," said Miss Thompson at the Plaza. "We had intended to make a long stay in Japan, and left the ship at Yokohama. The next afternoon we went up to Tokio with the intention of attending the performance at the Imperial theatre. That was the day the rioting started, when several newspaper buildings were burned, and mobs were out everywhere. We did not know anything about the trouble, except vague rumors, because everything seemed to be quiet when we dined at the hotel. We heard then of the attacks upon newspaper buildings, but when we drove to the theatre in an automobile the people we saw in the streets seemed peaceable enough, although we noticed that there were swarms of them.

"We left the theatre about 10:30 o'clock for the Shimbashi Station, to take the train back to Yokohama. We had not gone far when we encountered a crowd. Our driver went slowly, but apparently the people resented the presence of foreigners riding in automobiles, for they began jeering at us. Suddenly a shower of stones and wooden getas (shoes) rattled against the side of the car. I forced my sister down into the bottom of the tonneau, and we covered our heads with the robe.

"I don't know how he ever got the courage to do it, but our driver yelled something at the crowd, which continued to throw things at us, and then he increased the speed of the car. How the people got out of the way I don't know, but anyhow we managed to get away from them, and reached the station none the worse for our experience.

"We went to Shanghai and Hongkong, and then to India and Burmah, visiting Agra and Delhi and some of the other more important places. Altogether we made a stop of six weeks in India.

"In the matter of accommodations for travelers there has been a wonderful change in the past six years, and hotels in the Far East are really comfortable nowadays. Bathtubs have been installed everywhere. When I went to India the first time I was very much amused by the way an Englishman I met ran down the American style of sleeping cars. He had been over here, he said.

"'Take the matter of a bath,' he remarked. 'Why, I found it impossible to get a bath on one of your trains. In India one has no difficulty.'

"Now, I had ridden across India without discovering anything that resembled a bathtub on a train, so I said to him, 'What do you call a bath?'

"'Oh, a tin of water over your head in the morning,' he replied. That was what a bath consisted of in India at that time.

"In Bombay we found a great deal of sickness. Eighteen persons died in the hotel in which I stopped. I was very ill myself with the same trouble, one common in hot climates. The only thing that weighs upon you when you travel about the world is the necessity of being careful about your food. If you learn not to eat raw veegtables and fruits in the East, and can abide by the rule, you will overcome the principal danger in the way of a trip around the world."

IMPRESSION OF AREQUIPA

Description of Spanish-Like Atmosphere of Old.

Ernest Peixotto in Scribner's Magazine.

The short twilight has deepened. Tingo's lights burst forth in the semi-darkness, and in 10 minutes we pulled into the station at Arequipa. The acting superintendent of the southern railways was there to greet us and soon we were rattling with him, in the dark of the early evening, over the cobblestones to the hotel.

How like Spain it all was—perhaps even more Spanish than Spain, for it lacked every taint of cosmopolitanism.

Suddenly we emerged into the plaza, and a moment later stepped out upon our porch, speechless at what lay before us. The great bell of the Compania just opposite was tolling for vespers, and its deep bass voice was answered by the jangling but sweet-toned chimes of the other churches and by the slow, irregular thud of the cathedral bell. We were standing on top of the portales, or stone arcades, beautiful in design, that completely surround the plaza on three of its sides. Below us lay flower beds, palms and broad curving pathways, whose glistening tile pavements, clean as mirrors, reflected the arc lights above. A quiet crowd was slowly moving about, for a military band was playing off in one corner.

Directly opposite loomed the long facade of the cathedral, above which we could faintly descry the shadowy form of Misti, rising to its snow-capped cone in all the perfect symmetry of its pure volcanic outline, contrasting with its rugged neighbor, Chachani, cut into a multitude of peaks and ice fields and rocky pinnacles. "Where," we asked ourselves, "could we find such another combination, a great metropolitan cathedral fronting a monumental plaza and backed by two such mountain giants?" And the spell of this first impression did not wear off."

We dined that evening with friends at the Central—a good Spanish dinner—after which we were amused by an Indian flower boy who, though ugly and ill formed, danced by our table and with rolling eyes recited quaint pensamientos of languishing themes.

Heads New Industrial Body of the Country

Washington, July 8.—Frank P. Walsh, a Kansas City lawyer, who was counsel in the famous Dr. Hyde murder trials, is head of the new industrial commission just appointed by President Wilson.

This new federal body was created under President Taft's administration, but never filled. The purpose of the commission is to investigate the relation of industry to capital. The other members of the commission are Mrs. J. Borden Harriman of New York, John R. Commons of Wisconsin, Frederick A. Delano of Chicago, Harris Weinstock of California, S. Thurston Ballard of Louisville, John B. Lennon of Illinois, James O'Connell of Washington and Austin B. Garretson of Iowa.

CORN WILL BE KING OF CROPS

Department of Agriculture's Report Shows Good Crop Conditions.

Washington, July 10.—The first idea of the size this year of the country's greatest crop—corn—was given today when the Department of Agriculture issued its report showing the acreage, condition and estimate of the number of bushels of corn which condition reports indicate will be produced. More definite figures as to the size of the great wheat crop, expected to be the second largest ever gathered, also were given, as well as the first idea of the size of the potato, tobacco and rice crops.

Details of the acreage, condition, on July 1, and indicated acre yield and total production, interpreted from condition reports, of the various crops, follow:

Wheat Looks Good.

Winter wheat—Area planted, 30,938,000 acres, compared with 26,571,000 acres last year. Condition, 81.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 83.5 per cent on June 1; 73.3 per cent the 10-year average on July 1, last year, and 79.9 per cent the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 15.6 bushels per acre, compared with 15.1 bushels last year, and 15.2 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 483,000,000 bushels, compared with 399,919,000 bushels last year; 450,656,000 bushels in 1911; 434,142,000 bushels in 1910, and 418,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Spring wheat—Area planted, 18,663,000 acres, compared with 19,243,000 acres last year. Condition, 73.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 93.5 per cent on June 1; 89.3 per cent on July 1, last year, and 85.3 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 11.7 bushels per acre, compared with 17.2 bushels last year and 13.3 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 218,000,000 bushels, compared with 330,348,000 bushels last year; 190,682,000 bushels in 1911; 200,979,000 bushels in 1910, and 265,000,000 bushels in 1909.

All wheat—Area planted, 49,601,000 acres, compared with 45,814,4000 acres last year. Condition, 78.6 per cent of a normal, compared with 87.2 per cent on June 1; 80.1 per cent on July 1, last year, and 81.9 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 14.1 bushels per acre, compared with 15.9 bushels last year, and 14.5 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 701,000,000; 621,338,000 bushels in 1911; 635,121,000 bushels in 1910, and 683,000,000 bushels in 1909.

The amount of wheat remaining on farms July 1 is estimated at about 35,515,000 bushels, compared with 33,876,000 bushels on July 1, 1912, and 34,071,000 bushels on July 1, 1911.

Corn Promises Big.

Corn: Area planted, 106,884,000 acres, compared with 107,093,000 acres last year Condition, 86.9 per cent of a normal, compared with 81.5 per cent on July 1 last year and 84.0 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 27.8 bushels per acre, compared with 29.2 bushels last year and 26.5 for the past five years. Estimated total production, 2,971,000,000 bushels, compared with 3,124,746,000 bushels last year, 2,531,488,000 bushels in 1911, 2,886,260,000 bushels in 1910 and 2,552,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Oats. Area planted, 38,341,000 acres, compared with 37,917,000 acres last year. Condition, 76.3 per cent of a normal compared with 87.0 per cent on June 1, 89.2 per cent on July 1, 1912, and 84.5 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 26.9 bushels per acre, compared with 37.4 bushels last year and 29.7 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 1,031,000,000 bushels, compared with 1,418,337,000 bushels last year, 922,298,000 bushels in 1911, 1,186,341,000 bushels in 1910, and 1,607,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Barley: Area planted, 7,255,000 acres, compared with 7,530,000 acres last year. Condition, 76.6 per cent of normal, compared with 87.1 per cent on June 1, 88.3 per cent on July 1 last year and 85.4 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield 22.8 bushels per acre, compared with 29.7 bushels last year, and 24.5 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 165,000,000 bushels, compared with 223,824,000 bushels last year, 160,240,000 bushels in 1911, 173,832,000 bushels in 1910, and 173,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Rye and Potatoes.

Rye: Condition, 88.6 per cent of normal, compared with 90.9 per cent on June 1, 88.2 per cent on July 1 last year, and 89.7 per cent the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield 16.1 bushels per acre, compared with 16.8 bushels last year and 16.2 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, ——— bushels, compared with 35,664,000 bushels last year, 33,119,000 bushels in 1911, 34,897,000 bushels in 1910 and 30,000,000 bushels in 1909.

White Potatoes—Area planted 3,685,000 acres, compared with 3,711,000 acres last year. Condition, 86.2 per cent of a normal compared with 88.9 per cent last year and 88.9 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield, 93.1 bushels per acre, compared with 113.4 bushels last year and 96.1 bushels the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 343,000,000 bushels, compared with 420,647,000 bu. last year, 292,737,000 bushels in 1911, 34,032,000 bushels in 1910 and 389,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Tobacco—Area planted 1,144,350 acres, compared with 1,225,800 acres last year. Condition, 82.8 per cent of a normal, compared with 87.7 per cent last year and 84.8 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield 809 pounds per acre, compared with 785.5 pounds last year and 822.3 pounds, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 926,000,000 pounds, compared with 962,855,000 pounds last year, 905,109,000 pounds in 1911. 1,103,415,000 pounds in 1910 and 1,056,000,000 pounds in 1909.

Flax and Rice.

Flax—Area planted, 2,425,000 acres, compared with 2,851,000 acres last year —condition 82.0 per cent of a normal, compared with 88.9 per cent last year and 87.2 per cent the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield 8.7 bushels per acre, compared with 9.8 bushels last year and 8.2 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 21,000,000 bushels, compared with 28,073,000 bushels last year 19,370,000 bushels in 1911, 12,718,000 bu. in 1910 and 20,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Rice—Area planted 824,100 acres, compared with 722,800 acres last year. Condition 88.4 per cent of a normal, compared with 86.3 per cent last year and 88.5 per cent, the 10-year average on July 1. Indicated yield 33.0 bushels per acre, compared with 34.7 bushels last year and 33.7 bushels, the average for the past five years. Estimated total production, 27,000,000 bushels, compared with 25,054,000 bushels last year, 22,954,000 bushels in 1911 24,510,000 bushels in 1910 and 22,000,000 bushels in 1909.

Hay—Condition, 80.5 per cent of normal, compared with 87.5 per cent on June 1; 85.2 per cent on July 1, last year, and 82.2 per cent the average yield, 1.33 tons per acre, compared with 1.47 tons last year, and 1.38 tons, the average for the past five years.

Apples—Condition, 59.4 per cent of a normal, compared with 67.1 per cent on June 1; 67.9 per cent on July 1 last year, and 59.1 per cent the average for the past 10 years.

$10.00 a Day Sample Suit FREE

The biggest record breaking tailoring offer ever made. New and wonderful. Write before you do another thing. We will send you absolutely free—at once—a great big outfit—nifty cloth samples—swell fashion figures. Newest and best outfit ever put together. Get one even if you get no other. Don't miss it. It's the greatest of them all. Everything free to start you in a $10.00 a week business. **Never was such a cinch before.** New plan. Big new offer for free outfit. Everything new. A suit for yourself and in a hurry.

Be Our Agent

Wads of money that will surprise you. Positively lowest prices. Biggest profits—swellest clothes. You simply can't miss $50.00 a week with us. Just the finding it. Be the first to get the new offer in your town. An hour a day will more than pay.

Express Prepaid on Everything

You pay nothing. **Not a cent.** On Our plan our agents get in on everything FREE. Get busy! Write today and get the biggest, newest proposition right off the reel. The one best bet. Beat everybody else to it. Your name and address is enough. The whole thing is explained to you free at once. And remember, A FREE SUIT FOR YOU. Now write a postal or letter quick. Just say: Send me the outfit.

Reliable Tailoring Co., Dept. 909 Y, Reliable Bldg., Chicago

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

	High.	Low.	Close— July 14.	July 12.
Wheat—Open.				
Cash	88½	88½	88½	88
July	86½	87¼	86¼	86½
Sept.	87⅞	88¼	88⅛	88¼
Dec.	91⅞	92⅝	92⅝	91⅞
Corn—				
Cash	62½	63	62½	61⅝
July	62	63	62	61¾
Sept.	62⅜	63⅛	62⅝	62⅜
Dec.	58¼	59	58⅜	58⅜
Oats—				
Cash	41	41¼	41	41¼ 40
July	40½	41¼	40½	41¼ 40
Sept.	40¾	41⅜	40¾	41¼ 40⅝
Dec.	42	42⅜	42	42⅜ 41⅞
Clover Seed—				
Prime	12.75	12.75	12.75	12.75
Oct. 8.37½	8.40	8.37½	8.40	8.37½
Dec. 8.32½	8.35	8.32½	8.35	8.32½
March ..8.45	8.47½	8.45	8.47½	8.45
Rye—				
No. 2....	....	....	....	62
Alsike—				
Oct. 10.05	10.05	9.95	9.95	10.02½
Dec. 10.05	10.05	9.95	9.95	10.02½
Timothy—				
Prime	2.45	2.45	2.45	2.45
Aug. 2.60	2.60	2.60	2.60	2.60
Sept. 2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50
Oct. 2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50
Dec. 2.52½	2.52½	2.52½	2.52½	2.55
March ..2.60	2.60	2.60	2.60	2.60

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
July	85	86	84¾	85⅝ 85⅛
Sept.	88¼	87¾	88⅛	87⅛ 88⅝
Dec.	90	91	89⅝	90⅝ 90⅛
Corn—				
July	59¾	60½	59⅜	60½ 59⅛
Sept.	59⅞	61¼	59⅜	61¼ 59⅜
Dec.	56¼	57⅜	56¼	57⅜ 56⅛
Oats—				
July	37⅝	40	37⅝	38⅝ 37½
Sept.	39	39⅝	38⅜	39⅝ 38⅜
Dec.	40⅜	41¾	40¼	40⅝ 40⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	21.75	21.87	21.75	21.87	21.87
Sept.	20.90	20.90	20.70	20.82	21.02
Lard—					
July	11.55	11.60	11.55	11.60	11.65
Sept.	11.67	11.67	11.62	11.67	11.72
Oct.	11.72	11.75	11.67	11.75	11.77
Ribs—					
July	11.55	11.57	11.50	11.52	11.65
Sept.	11.72	11.72	11.65	11.65	11.77
Oct.	11.50	11.50	11.37	11.47	11.52

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Sept.	94⅝	....	....	95⅛ ....

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
July	82	....	....	82¼ 96
Sept.	85⅛	....	....	84⅝ 94⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
July	....	....	....	88 87⅛
Sept.	....	....	....	90¼ 89⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
July	90¼	....	....	90¼ 89⅝
Sept.	90⅝	....	....	90¼ 90¼

New York Produce.

New York, July 14.—Butter easy; receipts 7,640 tubs; creamery extras, 26½@27c; firsts, 25½@26c; seconds, 24@25c; thirds, 23@23½c; state, dairy, finest, 26c; good to prime, 24½@25½c; common to fair, 22@24c; process extras, 24½@25c; firsts, 23½@24c; seconds, 22c; imitation creamery firsts, 24c; factory current make firsts, 23@23½c; seconds, 21½@22c; packing stock current make No. 1, 21½c; No. 2, 20½@21c; No. 3, 19@20c. Cheese barely steady; receipts, 792 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh colored specials, 14¾@14¾c; do white and pale, 14¾c; do colored average fancy, 13¾@14c; do white and pale, 13¾@14c; undergrades, 12@13½c; skims, 3@11c. Eggs steady; 12,782 cases; fresh gathered extras, 24@26c; extra, firsts, 21@21½c; firsts, 18½@20c; seconds, 16@18c; thirds and poorer, 12@15c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 15@16c; No. 2, and poorer, 10@12c; fresh gathered checks, good to choice dry, 13@14c; under grades per case, $1.00@3.00; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henneryy whites, fancy, 25@30c; do gathered whites, 23@28c; western gathered whites, 20@25c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henneryy browns, 26@28c; do gathered browns and mixed colors, 19@25c

The Best Beverage under the Sun—

Coca-Cola

A welcome addition to any party—any time—any place.

Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes

Send for Free Booklet.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in bottles.

58-A

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

SPEAKER CLARK GIVES TESTIMONY

Denies That He had Business With Morgan—Investigating Lamar.

New York, July 11.—The federal grand jury continued its investigation today into the case of David Lamar, under that section of the United States statutes which provides punishment for the impersonation of an officer or employe of the government.

Paul D. Cravath, an attorney who testified before the senate lobby investigating committee in connection with Lamar's activities in the so-called Union Pacific conspiracy, was one of the witnesses under subpoenae to appear before the jury today. Other witnesses, it is said, would be United States Senator Stone and Representatives Palmer and Riordan whom Lamar confessed before the committee that he had impersonated in telephone conversations with Lewis, Cass, Ledvard and others.

Speaker Clark made a statement relating to the use of his name by David Lamar and Edward Lauterbach. He testified he had never had anything to do with Lamar, Lauterbach or any of the men mentioned by them.

J. Pierpont Morgan, he said, he saw at a gridiron dinner in Washington several years ago when former President Roosevelt and former Senator Foraker engaged in a joint debate.

"It was the hottest debate ever heard in this country," said the speaker.

Speaker Clark put in this statement:

"Ledyard says that Lauterbach told him that he was in communication with me through Senator Stone. Lauterbach, who acknowledged on the witness stand that he had lied, said that Lamar gave him the information. Lamar confessed the whole tale was a lie to force Morgan & Co. to take Lauterbach back into their employ. All of them disclaim any acquaintance or communication with me.

"Senator Stone justly and properly characterized the Lamar-Lauterbach tale as a lie, in which he was entirely correct. He and I never in our lives conversed about, or in any way mentioned, to each other Morgan & Co., or the steel trust investigation.

"I never spoke to John Pierpont Morgan or any member of his firm in my life; never communicated with him or them in any manner whatsoever; never authorized anybody else to do so. I was, to my best knowledge and belief, never introduced, even casually to him, or any of them."

Martin M. Mulhall, whose published charges of his activities as a lobbyist for the National Association of Manufacturers, have named many congressmen as having been susceptible to influences of a "lobby," was ready today to begin his testimoney when the senate investigating committee assembled. Inasmuch as some witnesses in the wool tariff phase of the inquiry were waiting to be heard, Mulhall was forced to wait.

To Investigate "Wars."

All the "wars" that have been fought between Labor and Capital, all the efforts that both have made to secure legislation which would profit them, and the tangled skein woven about their relations in the last ten years are to be investigated by congress.

The senate lobby committee decided that the "war" must be inquired into. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, will appear before the committee July 27, and a subpoena has been issued for John Mitchell, vice president and former head of the United Miners.

At the same time the committee subpoenaed George Pope and J. P. Bird, general manager of the National Association of Manufacturers.

As the tale is unfolded other men prominent in either labor organizations, or individual employers of labor who are brought to notice will be asked to appear. The committee decided to look into this subject, believing that it may develop information and will extend their inquiry weeks.

One senator said last night that the quest might reach back into some of the dark corners of the McNamara dynamite case, and might bring into the light the inside story of many of the great strikes that have paralyzed industry and thrown thousands out of work. He intimated that it might develop one of the most marvelous tales heard in the last six weeks.

COUNT A BILLION STAMPS

Postoffice Inspectors Go Over Big Reserve Supply.

Washington, July 11. — Postoffice inspectors have just completed counting more than one billion postage stamps in the bureau of engraving and printing. In exact figures, the number that passed under the hands of the busy office was 1,323,199,508.

The stamps have a face value of $30,452,121.73, and they constitute the reserve supply ordered some time ago by Postmaster General Burleson.

The inspectors descended on the bureau without warning with the intention of testing thoroughly the checking system employed between the department and the bureau. At the expiration of eight days of work the officers discovered that the count tallied exactly with the department's record.

Minister in White Shocks Congregation

Chicago, July 14.—The Rev. Arthur J. Francis, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Englewood, defied church tradition yesterday by appearing in the pulpit dressed entirely in white.

There was almost a gasp from the congregation when he stepped on the platform. The preacher appeared comfortable in a temperature of 93, while many members in Prince Alberts and stiff Sunday gowns fanned vigorously.

After the sermon the Rev. Francis said he thought the conventional heavy black coat and stiff collar were "nonsense." He said yesterday's costume permitted him to "deliver three times a better sermon" in hot weather.

WHICH VICTIM DIED FIRST?

Heirs of Couple Instantly Killed at Dearborn Want to Know.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 11.—William Getter of this city has filed a petition in the Wayne county probate court asking that Mrs. Kate Cullen, also of this city be appointed administratrix of the estate of Frances Ribone, who, in company with her husband, was killed in an accident at Dearborn, Mich. The question of which one died first has an important effect on the distribution of the property.

ASTOR TO AID CHILDREN

Will Build Home at Rhinebeck, N. Y., as Memorial to Father.

New York, July 10.—Vincent Astor, chief heir of John Jacob Astor, will build a children's home at Rhinebeck, N. Y., as a memorial to his father, who went down with the Titanic.

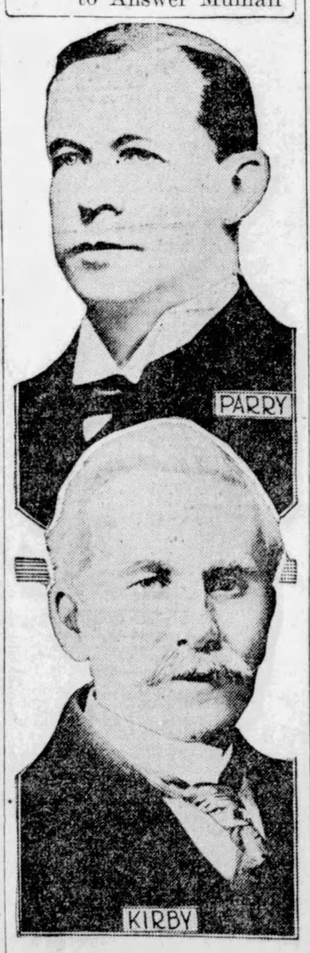
SUFFRAGETTES RAIN MOUSE TRAPS UPON PARLIAMENT

London, July 11.—The report of a pistol fired from the strangers' gallery in the house of commons today, accompanied by a yell of "Justice for women," caused panic among the members in session.

Simultaneously with the report a shower of pamphlets rained down on the members. They bore the printed words, "Votes for women." Two persons pointed out as perpetrators of the outrage were hustled from the gallery and detained pending investigation. It was discovered later that the weapon was merely a toy pistol.

A number of toy mouse-traps satirizing the "cat and mouse" act, reached the members, wrapped in the pamphlets thrown from the gallery.

They Are Prepared to Answer Mulhall



Washington, July 12.—D. M. Parry and John Kirby, Jr., former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers, are ready to go on the stand before the senate lobby investigating committee to refute the allegations of corruption made by Martin M. Mulhall, formerly chief lobbyist for the organization.

Mr. Kirby was on the Pacific coast prepared for a trip to the orient when he was asked by telegraph by Chairman Oevrman, of the committee, to come to Washington at once.

Both Mr. Kirby and Mr. Parry figure prominently in the charges preferred by Mulhall.

MULHALL DIDN'T ASK FOR MONEY

Lobbyist Declares He Tried to Give His Story to Papers.

Waashington, July 14.—Martin M. Mulhall, self-styled lobbyist for 10 years for the National Association of Manufacturers, interrupted the senate lobby investigation today to reply to what he declared were personal attacks upon his character and his purpose in the expose in which he has become the central figure of the lobby inquiry. He denied that he had tried to sell the great mass of papers and letters which were recently published, and which now are in the hands of the senate committee. Later he said, he preferred to introduce witnesses and letters to show that he ahd been engaged for months in "trying to give away" the great file of correspondence which has brought officers of the National Association of Manufacturers and labor leaders and congressmen into prominence.

Tried to Give Them Away.

Mulhall's statement was made in connection with his request that he be allowed to read a letter he had written May 16, 1913, to Perriton Maxwell, editor of Hearst's magazine, urging him to have William R. Hearst make the mass of letters public throughout his publications. This letter reiterated former statements that the writer did not want money, but wanted to get the lobbying documents published, "as a service to the public."

"I have attempted for the past two months to give them away," Mulhall told the committee. "I never had in mind the question of the money I would receive for them."

How World Got It.

"But you did sell them later to the New York World?" asked Senator Reed.

"I would like to offer further letters and witnesses on that point," said Mulhall. "I did not sell them. I fell into the hands of a gentleman named Barry who came over to look at the letters for Mr. Hearst. I have learned since that he is what is known as a newspaper tipster. The letters were given to the New York World, but later Mr. Barry came and wanted me to break the contract with the World, saying he could get $150,000 for the letters from the National Association of Manufacturers.

"I said the letters were not for sale; that the National Association of Manufacturers did not have money enough to buy them; that I had no proposition of blackmail in connection with them."

Call Newspapermen.

At this point Mulhall's statement was interrupted by the committee. He said he wanted Editor Maxwell and Louis Seibold of the New York World and other witnesses called in his behalf. Mr. Seibold is already under subpoena by the committee.

The houst committee appointed to investigate the Mulhall charges was unable to proceed today, owing to monopolization of the witnesses by the senate and is considering taking a recess for two weeks.

John Mitchell, labor leader, was subpoenaed today and Former Congressman Geo. A. Pearre of Maryland was excused until next Monday, and Mitchell was told to come back July 25, when Samuel Gompers has been directed to appear. Mulhall's first testimony today related to letters from Marshall Cushing, secretary of the National Association of manufacturers, suggesting a campaign against Pearre.

Persuasion Means Money.

Mulhall told about making personal visits to Cumberland to lend his influence in the campaign to defeat Congressman Pearre, and of one of the letters he received from his employers, and said:

"We want to do all we can to defeat that gentleman, so redouble your efforts, and don't get caught."

A letter to Mulhall from C. H. Holtzman at Cumberland, said the anti-Pearre organization there was costing $200 a day and much "persuasion" was necessary.

"What do you mean by persuasion?" asked Senator Nelson.

"Money," said the witness crisply.

"We had a large colored vote there that needed seeing often," he explained.

"You had to see the colored voters over and over again," suggested Chairman Overman.

"Yes, sir—the last fellow who got to 'em had 'em on election day."

In July, 1906, Mulhall began to write and receive letters about campaigns in Pennsylvania, congressional districts, and he wrote to Cushing:

"It might be of some interest to you to show you what the Gompers people are doing in this state. They have nominated President Thomas D. Nichols from the tenth congressional district of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket and I should predict now that unless there is very good work done in that district we will have a red hot agitator in the next congress. There are about 40,000 miners in that district and Nichols is their ideal. Besides, John Mitchell is pledged to come to that district and work for the Democratic ticket. I hope Mr. Sherman and the Republican congressional committee will get busy in the near future."

Mulhall said the Mr. Sherman referred to was the late vice president.

In a letter to Cushing in April, 1906, Mulhall wrote of a conference on March 22 between President Roosevelt and Samuel Gompers, at which, the letter said, Gompers declared that if labor were not favored more in legislation it would carry on a campaign to elect labor men to congress. Mulhall wrote Cushing that he had found in tours of large cities that "the threat of Mr. Gompers' was being carried out to the best of his ability," and added:

Gompers laor leaders are doing their utmost to get their labor organization into the "Hearst movement in Philadelphia."

"I am perfectly confident that Mr. Gompers and his labor leaders can be badly beaten if the movement is taken hold of in time," Mulhall prophesied.

"I know if you take hold of it in the right way," he concluded, "no more delegations like the one that called with Gompers on the President will ever be gotten up, and I know that the splendid organizaton you have got in the National Association of Manufacturers can easily put those people out of business."

On June 14, 1906 Cushing wrote to Mulhall, telling him that he could point out that Pearre was "playing both ends against the middle." Cushing wrote.

"You ought to point out to all such people—that is, those who naturally ought to be against Pearre—how he is trying to play both ends against the middle; that he is attorney for the Baltimore & Ohio and could not excuse himself as a paid employe if he does not oppose legislation when it came to a show down.

"So while Pearre is playing both ends against the middle, perhaps you can play both ends against the middle on your own account.

A letter from Holtzman to Mulhall, June 24, 1906, urged the latter to help immediately raise funds for the final effort to beat Pearre at the primaries. It said that Pearre was working the labor racket," with great success, and that the "federal office-holders are supplying the money."

ONE BILLION EGGS ON ICE

Are Worth $21,441,160 at Wholesale in New York.

New York, July 12.—More than 1,000,000,000 eggs are on ice according to the report of 45 public refrigerators in the United States, just issued. The figures account for 2,992,800 cases in storage, with 30 dozen eggs to the case, as compared with 3,330,500 cases last year at this time. With storage eggs priced at $7.20 a case these early July holdings this year are worth $21,441,160 at wholesale. The average consumption of eggs in greater New York is 3,000,000 dozen a week.

BLAME YOUTHS FOR BAD WRECK

Twelve Lives Lost When Motorman Gets Signal Boys Gave by Whistle.

Los Angeles, July 14.—To meddlesome youths who played with the train whistle, is attributed the loss of 12 lives and the injury of some 200 persons near here, late last night, when two Pacific electric trains collided, telescoping two cars and wrecking another at Vineyard Station, near the city limits.

Many of the injured will die.

Three trains, loaded with excursionists to the beach at Venice, 16 miles from Los Angeles, had stopped at a curve where a switch is turned. The last train began moving forward while the two foremost trains remained at a standstill.

Whistle Misleads Motorman.

Carroll Bartholomae, conductor of the last car of the center train, jumped to the track with his light to flag the approaching train. Some youths, passengers say, pulled the whistle in jest. This, it was said by railroad men, was interpreted by the motorman of the on-coming train as the signal to go ahead.

With a crash of breaking glass, splintering timbers and the cries of passengers, the motor car of the last train plunged into the rear of the center train. The motorman of the moving train had given full speed. A curve had prevented his seeing the standing cars.

The rear of the stationary train was crowded to capacity and the aisles were crowded with passengers.

Seats Shuffled.

The seats were shuffled as a deck of cards by the impact. Those who stood were crushed against each other into the far end of the car. The lights went out.

Arthur Hill, a sailor from the torpedo boat Paul Jones, carried out eight bodies, including a woman gripping an infant's body in her arms.

Few of the Christian Endeavorer delegates were on the trains. The headquarters of the Toronto delegation of 125 announced that none of the Canadian visitors was in the wreck. Practically all of those killed and injured were residents of Los Angeles and suburbs.

PRIEST BARS SLIT SKIRTS

Won't Administer Sacred Rites to Women in Freak Garb.

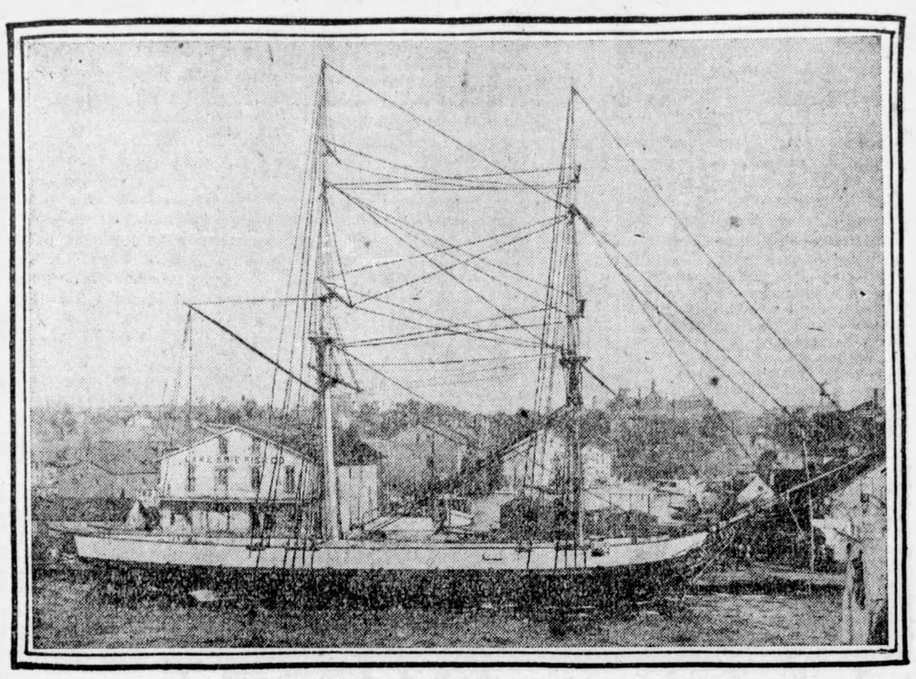
Meriden, Conn., July 10.—"To dress for attendance at the house of God in clothes suggesting a ball room or a recreation pier is disgraceful and hereafter women with slashed skirts, transparent waists, low necked or short sleeved gowns will be refused holy communion at St. Rose's Catholic Church," said the pastor, Rev. James Conlon, last night.

LIVES TO 102 ON STRICT DIET

Bacon and Corn Bread Given Credit by Mexican War Survivor.

St. James, Mo., July 14.—William C. simpson, 102 years old, the oldest inmate of the federal soldiers' home here and a survivor of the Mexican war, attributes his longevity to a strict diet of bacon and corn bread. He never married. When in his home town of Little York, Pa., his bride-to-be died.

The Old Flagship of Commodore Perry



This picture of the rehabilitated Niagara, the flagship of Commodore Perry, was taken at Erie. The old ship is the center of interst in the Perry centennial celebration now being held in that city.

At the time the picture was taken the gunports of the old ship were closed and the canvas had not been bent on.

ISSUES CALL TO ALL LOYAL MOOSE

National Committee of Progressives Wants 1,000 Volunteers.

Washington, July 14.—A call for 1,000 loyal Progressives to volunteer for "a special and highly important service" has been issued from the headquarters of the Progressive national committee. The plan of action is shrouded in mystery, the call being accompanied by a statement declaring that until the volunteer organization is perfected the details will not be disclosed.

The volunteer work, whatever it may be, is under the direction of a committee consisting of Oscar B. Straus, of New York; John M. Parker, of Louisiana; former Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and Senator Poindexter, of Washington.

Asked to Give Occupation.

Those volunteering to undertake this mysterious work are requested, in submitting their names, to state their occupation, but no further clew is given to the plan. It is stated on the authority of the Progressive national committee that "not much assistance in any locality is required," that the work to be performed "will not take any great amount of any person's time or energy," and that "it will not be difficult for any person to do what is desired."

It is further explained that the volunteer committee, which may be enlarged to include others than the four named, will "divide the entire country into groups of states and have the work carried on simultaneously in these different districts."

Will Not Inconvenience.

The Progressive national committee gives assurances that "no volunteers will be expected or asked to undertake anything that would take him out of the accustomed routine of his life."

"If you are a true Progressive," says the call, "possessed of the spirit that moved the four millions last fall, we invite you to write us at once for the details."

BULGARIA NOW WANTS PEACE

Having Failed to Win Demands She Is Willing to Be Good.

London, July 12.—Having failed in her hazardous coup, Bulgaria is now showing herself anxious for peace. No formal armistice has yet been arranged, but it is believed hostilities are virtually ended. It is feared, however, that the settlement of peace conditions will prove a long task, many new elements having entered to cause complications.

Bulgaria's decision not to oppose Rumania's occupation of Silistria and the strip of territory she desires removed one difficulty.

But other developments, such as the Greek occupation of Kavala, to which Bulgaria is expected to offer bitter resistance, are calculated to lead to troublesome engagements, especially as both Servia and Greece, on the outcome of their campaign, will be certain to demand possession of the territory they ocupied previous to the war.

Russia has already taken steps in the Balkan capital to arrange for a cessation of hostilities.

ANNIVERSARY OF DRAFT RIOTS

Fifty Years Ago New York Was Scene of Bloodshed.

New York, July 11.—Old New Yorkers recalled today that this was the fiftieth anniversary of the conscription order which was followed by scenes of disorder and bloodshed which went down in history as the New York draft riots. The conscription began Saturday, July 11, 1863, after strong objection had been voiced against the drafting of more recruits, on the ground that the war was practically over and that the order was a party measure. Secret meetings were held that night and the riots began Monday following when a mob stoned and fired a recruiting office on Forty-sixth street. The rioting spread to all parts of the city, necessitating the calling of troops, in skirmish with whom the mobs engaged for six days. Nearly 100 persons were killed.

FOILED, BANDIT KILLS MAN

Attempts to Hold Up Fashionable Hotel in Colorado.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 14.—A masked man who attempted to hold up the night clerk at the Cliff house, a fashionable summer hotel at Manitou, 12 miles west of here, shot and killed Night Watchman C. Whitehead, and escaped to the hills. A posse was sent in pursuit.

Walking past a number of guests on the porch and in the outer lobby, the bandit, shortly after 1 o'clock this morning covered Night Clerk Con Casson and Night Watchman Whitehead with a revolver and ordered them behind the counter. Whitehead made an attempt to escape through a cloakroom door, but a bullet from the bandit's gun killed him.

The shot roused the late guests and without attempting to obtain any money or valuables, the bandit rushed through an outer door, jumped a high porch railing and disappeared in the darkness.

SAVES CHILD FROM CAR

Policeman on Street Car Fender Grabs Girl in Air.

New York, July 14.—Passengers on board a Smith street car and a crowd of excited persons assembled on Coney Island avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon cheered Policeman Daniel G. Cetkowith after he had risked his life to save a three-year-old child from death.

Cetkowich was on the front seat of the crowded trolley car when Lena Cappilli ran directly in front of the car, which was going at high speed. Cetkowich leaped onto the fender of the car. The fender struck the child and threw her ito the air.

The policeman seized the girl as she fell and hung on to her as he fell back bruising himsef against the front of the car, where he clung, holding the child until the trolley stopped.

"ELEVATOR BOY" IS A GIRL

Washington Woman Appointed to Post in Federal Building.

Washington, July 14.—Miss Jennie A. Vachon has been appointed "elevator man" for the federal building at Bellingham, Wa. The appointment has been approved by the treasury department.

Miss Vachon was put in charge of the elevator by the postmaster of Bellingham, but the supervising architect protested saying that the government did not employ girls "for elevator boys.'

Senator Poindexter entered the ring for Miss Vachon and won his fight. He is said to have been egged on by the suffragists, who wish to establish a precedent in the suffrage state of Washington.

ORDERS CARS FOR PLUMES

Limousine Roof Too Low, Purchaser Gets Rebate.

Paris, July 14.—Count de Kergorlay has just won in court an order granting him $200 rebate from an automobile manufacturer because the limousine he purchased from it had a roof too low to accommodate the high plumes which his wife wore on her hat.

The judge ruled it was the duty of a manufacturer of cars of fashion to take account of the fact that the long plumes are being worn.

GOTHAM HAS "NUT" CLUB

Members Believe "Everyone's a Nut, but Few Will Admit It."

New York, July 14.—Believing that "everyone's a nut, but that only a few will admit it," the Downtown Nut Club was incorporated today as a social and benevolent organization. Justice Giegerich, of the supreme court, signing the certificate of incorporation at the request of David Morris, attorney for the Nuts.

According to the articles of incorporation the aims and objects of the club are as follows:

"To promote sociability and good fellowship among its members, to maintain a place so that its members shall meet there; also to assist voluntarily its members in distress."

EIGHT SINK WITH SLOOP

Only Six Aboard the Alberta Are Rescued.

Boston, July 14.—Grafton Morgan, first officer of the White Star line steamship Cymric, and Capt. Arthur G. Ayres, superintendent of Sailors' Haven at Charlestown, together with six men employed as freight handlers by the Boston and Maine railroad, were drowned in the outer harbor late yesterday afternoon when the sloop Alberta capsized.

Six other men of the party on the Alberta were rescued.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Why not double your income? There's no reason why you can't. Big Money. Spare Time. SILVERING MIRRORS. Great demand in every city. Full instructions for $2.00. Mirror Silvering Works, Box 274, Glens Falls, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Detective, Watchman, Official, nickel-plated badges. Catalog free. E. Taylor Co., Cleveland, O.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$10 per 50 at home embroidering corner ladies' handkerchiefs. Spare time or steady. 25c for package samples, lessons, advice. Any distance, postpaid. Arabian Supply Co., Cleveland, O.

An opportunity to make a comfortable living for next 12 months, sewing, plain seam sewing, any sewing machine, whole or spare time. Sewers wanted small towns especially. No triflers. Send 10c postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co.,jobbers, sewing Dept. 00, Rehoboth, Delaware.

PERSONAL.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and wrinkles do not enhance beauty. Get Ideal Wrinkle Treatment at once and you will be delightfully surprised at results. Obtain a furrowless forehead, a line-free face, and bring back the days of joyous youth when your complextion was clear and beautiful. Write for free facts at once. Lock Box 446 So. Side Station, Springfield, Mo.

HELP WANTED.

U. S. Government Positions open to men and women. Commence $65 to $100 month. Thousands of appointments. List of positions available, free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-31, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

Agents—Men and women splendid protected selling proposition, 100 per cent profit. Absolute control of territory given. George J. Thomas, St. Paul Bldg., New York.

Agents—Stop selling old, worn-out lines. Something new; good for $50 a week and more. Write for our proposition to exclusive agents. A. Shuh, Sales Manager, 1960 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Wanted—General agents to appoint and manage salesmen. Big seller. Apply for particulars. Free sample. Arthur N. Christy & Co., Newark, New York State.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

For Sale—1,343 acres Oregon stock and dairy farm, situated in southern Oregon on Goose Lake; 300 acres meadow, balance grain and pasture land, $15 per acre. Address, Owner, 1118 Bay St., Alameda, California.

For sale, improved farm, sixty-eight acres. Mild climate, fine water, good roads. Bargain. M. E. Brown, Greensboro, N. C. Route No. 1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. **Victor J. Evans & Co.,** Washington, D. C.

"Strout's Business Chances" Is the title of a big illustrated catalogue just out, describing 135 money-making opportunities in stores, hardware, drugs, confectionery, hardware, groceries, bakery, laundry, blacksmith shop, creamery, grist mills, saw mills, factories, canneries, resorts, barber shop; green houses, garages, hotels, etc., etc.; copy mailed FREE. E. J. STROUT, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Write for free, booklet X-1022 tells how. Write today—NOW. **EARL HOPKINS,** Washington, D. C.

AGENTS.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. **Consolidated Portrait Co.,** 4148, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED. NEW PLAN. $3 MONEY. PROMPTLY REMITTED. LISTED. COPYRIGHTED IN YOUR NAME. WE PUT IT OVER. BOOKLET FREE. WRITE US TODAY. HAYWORTH PUBLISHING CO., 7000, WASHINGTON, D. C.

25 Name Cards 10c. Old English type. Erie Card Printing Co., Toledo, O.

MAKE MONEY Gathering all kinds of roots, barks, herbs, leaves, etc., used in medicines. Write for free circular. Grund & Co., North Philadelphia, Pa.

Best Conditioner Worm Expeller **Death to Heaves** "Guaranteed or Money Back" Coupon, Dictionary, Information. **NEWTON'S** 50c; $1.00; $5.00. Largest Size. At druggists or sent postpaid. THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, O.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS We teach you how. Send us your song poems or melodies today for free examination. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Big Money. Free Writer's Magazine, beautifully illustrated, contains book and valuable advice all free. Dugdale Co., 209 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

OPENED BANK WITH PRAYER

Chicago's Religious Banker Dies at 76 Years.

Chicago, July 12.—Samuel A. Kean for years a banker and bond dealer at La Salle street, known for his practice of holding a brief religious service in his bank at the opening of each business day, died yesterday at his home in Evanston, Ill.

His firm was prominent in the city's business life 20 years ago. Each morning up to the time of his retirement from banking, Mr. Kean's first act upon entering his bank was to summon all employes to his private office. He announced the number of a hymn led the singing, made an introductory talk and had employes take turns reading the day's lesson. Then he interpreted it for them.

Mr. Kean was 76 years old.

PRINCE TAKES AIR TRIP

Heir to British Throne Enjoys Secret Airship Cruise.

London, July 14.—The fact that the Prince of Wales made a cruise in an army airship a week ago for half an hour at Farnborough without any observation being made of the event or the time is disclosed in the war office report of the work of the royal flying corps issued Saturday night.

The report runs: "On Friday, June 20, the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the sheds and was taken up for a half hour's cruise in the Beta by Major Maitland."

It will be remembered that on Monday of the same week the Prince of Wales marched as a cadet in the Oxford University officers' training corps for 20 miles under a hot sun.

FINDS SING SING IS MISMANAGED

Grand Jury Returns Indictment Against Warden Kennedy.

White Plains, N. Y., July 11.—A hundred page indictment charging mismanagement of the Sing Sing state prison, neglect of duty, failure to investigate the complaints and containing other allegations, was filed against John S. Kennedy, whom Gov. Sulzer recently removed as warden by the West Chester county grand jury yesterday. Kennedy surrendered himself in the county court, where he gave bond in $1,000.

The charges in the indictment are in substance the same as those set forth in a report made to the governor by George W. Blake, a special prison investigator. Upon receiving this report, Gov. Sulzer directed the grand jury to investigate. Kennedy also asked for an inquiry.

Kennedy gave convicts insufficient food, withheld from solitary prisoners the required daily medical attention, did not properly clothe and shoe convicts, furnished them with unclean bedding and with damp blankets, seldom washed, compelled prisoners to wear clothing worn by other convicts without fumigating the garments, the indictment charges.

JACK JOHNSON TO LIVE IN FRANCE

Black Pugilist Says He'll Never Return to America Now.

Havre, July 10.—Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, arrived here today on board the Corinthian, and immediately on landing announced his determination never to return to the United States. He said he would in the future take up his residence in Paris.

Chicago, July 10.—Jack Johnson's announcement that he would never return to the United States caused department of justice officials immediately to consider steps to bring about the forfeiture of his $30,000 personal bond pending in Chicago for his appearance in connection with white slave indictments upon which he has not yet been tried.

Judge Carpenter a few days ago declined to declare the bond forfeited until it was clear that Johnson would not appear when wanted. The department of justice, it is said, probably will seek official confirmation of his announced purpose not to return and present the matter again to Judge Carpenter.

Government attorneys expressed no regret over the negro's announcement. A few days ago officials considered the advisability of asking France to deport him upon arrival, but it was decided to let the case take its usual course. Their view was that there could not be objection to his absence from the country and if he should ever return the year's imprisonment sentence would always be enforceable, provided the circuit court of appeals approves the verdict.

CALL OFF MARRIAGE BETS

Brides-to-Be Make Wager, Then Let Minister Laugh.

Boston, July 11.—This is the tale of a wager that came out even, of bets that were called off and of the minister who has the last laugh. The wager was made as to which of two pretty Malden girls should get married first. The bets were purely friendly and the minister was Rev. Henry Waterhouse, of Portland.

Helen Mildred Irving and Gertrude Davis gambled on the date of their wedding day. When William P. Brown, of Malden, and J. Henry Danforth, of Roxbury, as the future husbands, were merely complaisant accomplices in each case to the winning.

Miss Irving thought to "put one over" on her rival by announcing suddenly that she was to have a week's vacation. She was the surprised one when she learned that Miss Davis, too, was to take a week off. Equipped with this knowledge each fiancee redoubled her efforts to forestall the other. The bridegrooms-to-be, consulted out of courtesy, secretly agreed to run down to Portland and help win the bet. Unfortunately for the bet, however, both couples chose the same boat. They agreed to let the minister have the laugh. Mr. Waterhouse banished his scruples against betting and laughed after he had married them.

MAKE $5. OR $10. A DAY SPARE TIME

EXTRA MONEY EASILY EARNED

Surely you are not satisfied with a $3 or $15 a week job working for some one else when you can be your own boss and earn $75 to $100 a week with easy work and Big Opportunities besides getting your Own Clothes FREE. Tie up with us and start on the road to prosperity today. Our swell, nifty line of PROGRESS made-to-measure clothes cost less, wear better and are more stylish than any others. Every garment is guaranteed to fit and give perfect satisfaction or no pay. Many of our agents make far more money, in their spare time, evenings and holidays, than they do at their regular work.

Magnificent Outfit FREE

The greatest ever—contains an unusually attractive assortment of woolens; also order blanks, stationery, tape line and everything necessary to make Big Money. New and attractive special offers. Complete selling secrets. With our help success is sure. Get started at once so you can land the cash. Write for the FREE money-making outfit.

Progress Tailoring Co. Department 1487 Chicago

OUTFIT FREE

BRASS BANDS FORMING—SEND YOUR NAME

We will send you full instructions how to organize a successful band. Lots of money and fun. We will send you a free copy of our Band Herald. Easy payments accepted on instruments. Lyon & Healy, 37-40 Adams St., Chicago. World's Largest Music House

WATCH RING and CHAIN FREE SELLING NEEDLE BOOKS

We pay $2.50 EACH ITEM WITH EACH SET. RICH ENGRAVED, Plated Watch, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch. Handsomely Engraved Ring, and a beautiful Rim. Diamond Ring for selling only 20 Needle Books at 10c. Each book contains 4 packs large-eyed needles and 3 darning wool carpet needles. Order 20 books, when sold send us $2. we will send you Watch, Chain & Ring. Willard Watch Co. Dept-680 Chicago